MOVIE CLASSIC

AUGUST

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Headline Career of GARBO

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•

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"
with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH
By Ernest Hemingway

•

GEORGE M. COHAN *in*
"THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

•

"THE BIG BROADCAST"
with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns & Allen, Mills Brothers, Street Singer, Donald Novis, Cab Calloway
and other stars.

•

"SINGLE NIGHT"
(tentative title)
with Nancy Carroll, George Raft, Wynne Gibson
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

•

"IF I HAD A MILLION"
All Star Cast

•

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
by George M. Cohan

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
in "HORSE FEATHERS"

•

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

•

"THE SONG OF SONGS"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS
Richard Bennett, Alison Skipworth

•

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

•

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.
"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

•

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
and CARY GRANT

•

"R. U. R."
with Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 6 AUGUST, 1932



GARBO—

Her Story From Beginning To End

In this issue, you will read one of the most fascinating Garbo stories of all—the story of how she has crashed into the headlines ever since that day in July, 1925, when she first arrived in Hollywood, awkward and unknown. She has done few sensational things—yet she has attracted more headlines than any two other stars!

You will read not only what Garbo's life has been like, what pictures she has made, and what "romances" and battles she has had, but also of the legends that have been built around her—by HEADLINES.

Hollywood suspects that Garbo has never really intended to return to Sweden to stay—and this story reveals how many times, before this, it has been rumored she would end her career!

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOHN BARRYMORE at last has his wish—a boy. But this time, before the baby arrived, John was superstitious. When Dolores Ethel Mae was born, he stated that he was hoping for an heir. This time, however, when reporters asked him if he wanted a boy, he replied, "Oh, I don't mind if it's a girl. We're going to have lots of boys!"

SPEAKING about happy events, you'll find a story back on page 22 about Margaret Livingston and Paul Whiteman and how he has reduced under her tutelage. And in this story, Margaret coyly scoffs at the suggestion that she and Paul are rehearsing Mother Goose rhymes. Wonder if Margaret's superstitious, too? For a friend of hers tells us that Santa Claus may leave an heir at the home of the Whiteman's this year. . . .

AND speaking about the Barrymores, John is about to play with Lionel again. More than that—he's also going to play, in the same picture, with their sister, Ethel (sometimes called "The Grand Duchess of Broadway"). That's a lot of Barrymore for one picture. The film is going to be "Rasputin," based on the life of Russia's "mad monk," who, it is said, was murdered because he was trying to rule the Russias through the Czarina, whose religious counselor he was. Sounds like a rôle made to order for Lionel.

IF I hear aright, the detectives guarding Marlene Dietrich and her little girl carry sub-machine guns. Some of the natives see irony in the appearance of such weapons on the streets of Hollywood, which has made the world conscious of such weapons, through a hundred gangster pictures.

JOAN BENNETT is thinking of changing her name to Jonah Bennett. Not more than a few months had passed since her recovery from a serious hip injury, when she turned her ankle, going down some steps—and the doctor ordered crutches again. Once more her career is temporarily halted.

ANOTHER Joan—Joan Blondell—has been having difficulties of a different sort. Blondie, as perhaps you didn't know, is naturally a brunette, with chestnut brown tresses. Tired of the blondeness she had acquired, Joan decided to change back. But something went wrong. The dye turned her hair that deep purple you see on the shady sides of hills at sundown. Joan had it trimmed almost to her scalp, and ordered a wig. But you'll see her with her own hair again very shortly.

CLOSING her play in Chicago and being served with papers in an alienation-of-affections suit by her husband's former wife, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur sailed for a vacation in Europe. On their return, Helen will rush to Hollywood to be the heroine in "A Farewell to Arms," opposite Gary Cooper, who looked up the locale of the story on his recent trip abroad. And then she is likely to make "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, which Katharine Cornell did on the stage. Katharine wouldn't do it for the movies. Now that Helen Hayes and Ethel Barrymore and Lynn Fontanne have all succumbed to the call of Hollywood, Katharine looks a bit silly in her refusal to face the cameras.

AN independent producer had what he thought was a brilliant idea. He had noted several girls about town who looked enough like Garbo to be her doubles. It was his idea to make a picture, kidding the one Garbo, and hinting that life was just a bowl of Garbos, or something of the sort. But the Hays office (to which movie scripts have to be submitted) sat on the idea. Mark up one for the Hays office, before I forget it!

A COUPLE of interesting screen stories that are coming along are two criminal themes. One is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (a great title), based on the recent autobiography of Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing. George Brent, who's still likely to give Clark Gable an awful run, will play the principal rôle. And the second story is the one that is bringing Paul Muni back to Hollywood. (Why can't they keep that lad there, anyway?) It is "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang." They're going to have a job, getting that one in electric lights. I'm only hoping they don't shorten it to "Chain Gangster."

ALL the producers are getting big-hearted—loaning their big stars to other studios. (They used to guard their stars jealously.) Joan Crawford has gone from M-G-M to United Artists for "Rain." And Billie Dove has been loaned vice versa to play with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl." Clark Gable is at Paramount to co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "No Bed of Her Own," and in exchange Paramount is loaning Fredric March to M-G-M to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." Paramount is borrowing Barbara Stanwyck from Columbia for "Riddle Me This," with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. M-G-M is borrowing Helen Twelvetrees from RKO for "Without Shame," before she temporarily "retires" to await a visit from the long-legged bird.

THIS last story, "Without Shame," shows how the studios are watching the newspapers for their scenario plots these days. It is based on an actual case which happened in Philadelphia a few months ago. The brother of a young society girl killed her fiancé—and the girl took the stand against her brother. About the only sensational case of recent months that hasn't broken into the movies is the Lindbergh case. And it is rumored that one company has complete newsreel files of that case, just in case the Powers That Be ever decide the whole story can be told on the screen. The Powers have so far suppressed it. Mark up another one for the Hays office, Oscar!

IF the Democrats get into the White House next March, the movie star you'll see there most often is Will Rogers. *Now* which way are you going to vote?

IT may please you to hear that Lilian Harvey, the Garboesque, light-hearted, singing heroine of the German-made picture, "Congress Dances," has been signed by Fox, and will arrive on this side in the autumn to play in the novel Noel Coward musical, "Bitter Sweet." This girl has an unusual history. Born in England and raised in England, she has made herself famous exclusively in German pictures. When she arrives, she may give Jeanette MacDonald some competition. Jeanette hasn't had any since Grace Moore went back to New York.

DID you see the D. W. Griffith sermon about Prohibition, "The Struggle"? If so, did you happen to notice the heroine? Her name was Zita Johann, and she is one of Broadway's most dynamic personalities. She is now making her second picture—"Tiger Shark," with Edward G. Robinson and Richard Arlen. If it gives her a chance, she'll be dramatic and well worth watching. She's as unusual along tragedy lines, as Lyda Roberti is along comedy lines. And is likely to go just as far.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck, production manager of Warner Brothers, went abroad to show George Arliss some scripts and have him pick his next story, Hollywood thought it a bit unusual. Stars usually go to producers, not vice versa. But Señor Zanuck had something up his sleeve. He looked up Emil Jannings, after seeing George Arliss and George's restful country place. And, sure enough, there's a rumor again that Jannings will soon be back in Hollywood. But I'll have to see him before *I* believe it.

Larry Reid

JANET GAYNOR

CHARLES FARRELL

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JOHN GOLDEN

Directed by William K. Howard

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

$20.00 Letter

Let Her Go On Being Herself

LET me record some paragraphs of enthusiastic praise, and a word or two of caution, in connection with the young lady whom I hereby nominate to succeed in a few years to Garbo's exalted position. I mean none other than the dark-haired sensation, Ann Dvorak.

Ladies and gentlemen, here is a girl who is *different.* Surfeited with pseudo-sophisticates, anemic blondes, the Inscrutable Swede, and the drahmahtic Crawford, I hail the advent of Miss Dvorak with delight. It seems that this girl has everything necessary to carry her to the heights—definite and intense ability, beauty of face and form, a flexible, pleasing voice, and an atmosphere of Individuality. Right here is where my few words of admonition come in.

Please, Miss Dvorak, and pul-lease, Miss Dvorak's bosses, don't let's have any imitations of Shearer or Crawford or Garbo or anyone. Ann Dvorak is gorgeous and pulse-stirring as Ann Dvorak. Let her stay that way. And for the love of heaven, let her stay brunette.

Don't swamp this girl with shoddy, vapid, sensational pictures. Put her in the best stories with good support, and there will be a lot of private quaking being done in some prominent dressing-rooms. Here's to Success, Ann—and here's looking at you!

J. S. HOOK, Washington, D. C.

$10.00 Letter

Leslie's A Born Actor

WHEN Leslie Howard appeared in "Devotion," with Ann Harding, I sat back in my seat and fairly purred. Here was an answer to the movie fan's prayer. Who else could have changed a trite story with a time-worn plot into an intriguing little love story? In his love making there is a certain subtlety that is refreshing; it isn't all a handful of honey or a flash of blue flame, but a clever combination of the two. A witty remark is made with perhaps just the quirk of an eyebrow or a twinkle of humor deep in the eyes. Leslie Howard has enough of a sincere sense of humor to refrain from hanging a placard around his neck which reads "I am being funny—please laugh." Neither is he all perfect profile and dimples. He is a born actor with a pleasing voice and a winning smile and the natural charm of a born gentleman. Oh, Mr. Producer, now that he has returned to the screen, don't let Leslie Howard slip through your fingers again before we've seen the heights he can reach with a real part in a real picture.

MRS. J. WARREN,
Port Deposit, Md.

$5.00 Letter

Newsreels Always Interesting and Entertaining

WHAT gives me the greatest thrill in the movies? The newsreels! Have you ever noticed the human interest, the drama, there can be in a few brief flashes speeding across the screen? Have you seen the tragedy, the comedy, the beauty, the squalor, the courage, the terror, the wonder, and world-weariness caught by the camera in those transient scenes of real life?

Flashes of the recent war in China revealed aspects of the situation there that the newspaper stories simply could not approach, in poignancy especially, if they used all the words in the dictionary. They brought the actual horror and danger of war almost into your own back yard!

Feature pictures are disappointing sometimes, but the newsreels, and their sisters, the travel shorts, never have failed me yet.

So here's to those modern magic carpets, hitherto unhonored and unsung, that are carrying us 'round and 'round the world on more exciting adventures than any Arabian genii ever provided!

HAZEL M. WILLIAMS, Kincaid, Sask., Can.

A Superb Production

IT has been a month, perhaps longer, since I've had the pleasure of seeing "Alias the Doctor," starring Richard Barthelmess and Marian Marsh, and yet the memory of that unpretentious, plain and simple, but cleverly presented story, lingers on like the scent of a rare perfume. One of the last scenes has stamped that production as one of the finest of the current year.

The "supposed" medic, having succeeded in obtaining permission to operate on his "adopted" mother, proceeds to do so. The "operating" scene follows: a scene as unusual as it is gripping. In contradistinction to the previous scene, words are at a premium—the onlooking doctors are the only ones to speak, and that is brief and hardly above a whisper. The prevailing silence creates an atmosphere of deep suspense . . . impending danger . . . eager anticipation . . . hopeful expectation. It is tense . . . gripping . . . stirring. The death-like silence is broken only by the heavy breathing of the patient . . . dull . . . harsh . . . monotonous. The operation continues, the medic manipulating the shining instruments with dexterity.

The scene runs the gamut of emotions, and yet, *not a word is spoken.* Here is acting well done; here is atmosphere that is real; here is directing that is artistic, capable and efficient. A scene that has few rivals; it is human . . . touching . . .sincere . . . throbbing with life . . . succeeding in its purpose . . . holding the attention of the audience until the very end.

ALOISWILLIS, Erie, Pa.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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NEW stars are being constantly introduced to the public. A featured player steals a scene—and becomes a star overnight. Most of them are worthy of it. The

(*Continued on page 65*)



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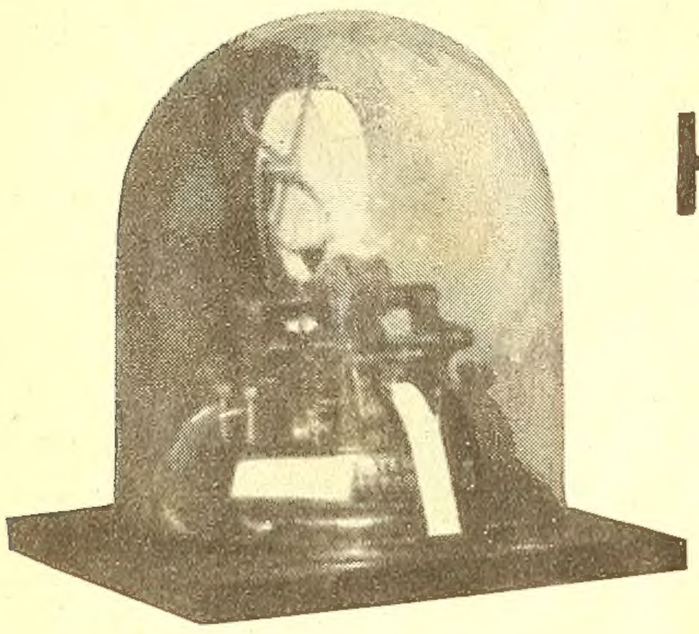


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TICKER TALK



HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

JACK DEMPSEY: "IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT, LINA AND I MAY GET MARRIED LATER ON"..... LINA BASQUETTE: "I LIVE MY OWN LIFE AND I WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO"..... TEDDY HAYES: "LINA IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM--HE'S JUST A MUG"..... DIETRICH KIDNAPPING NOTE: "IF YOU DON'T PAY, YOUR LITTLE GIRL WILL BE JUST A LOVING MEMORY"..... M-G-M: "GRETA GARBO? SHE'S PACKING!"..... JAMES CAGNEY: "IF I CAN'T WORK FOR A SALARY NEAR WHAT I'M WORTH..... I DON'T WANT TO WORK!"..... SALLY EILERS: "HOOT AND I DECIDED TO TRY IT ALL OVER AGAIN"..... GLORIA SWANSON: "I AM ANXIOUS TO PRODUCE A FILM IN ENGLAND TO GET ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ATMOSPHERE"..... MARGARET LIVINGSTON: "I AM WRITING A BOOK ABOUT HOW I MADE PAUL WHITEMAN REDUCE"..... CONSTANCE BENNETT: "I DON'T PLAN RETIREMENT FOR AT LEAST TWO YEARS!"..... ROBERT WOOLSEY: "I WISH IT UNDERSTOOD WHEELER AND I NEVER REALLY FORMED A TEAM AT ANY TIME"..... HARRY BANNISTER: "THERE IS A POSSIBILITY WE MAY REMARRY"..... GEORGE JESSEL: "NORMA TALMADGE AND I ARE FORCED TO MAKE A DENIAL OF OUR ENGAGEMENT UNTIL ACTION IS TAKEN REGARDING A DIVORCE"..... LOWELL SHERMAN: "MY WIFE CALLED ME VILE NAMES AFTER POINTING OUT THAT I WAS A HAM ACTOR"..... ALICE WHITE'S FIANCÉ: "I FEEL MUCH THE SAME AS HARRY BANNISTER FELT ABOUT ANN HARDING"..... FILM PRODUCER CHRISTIE: "I JUST BORROWED THIS ROLLS-ROYCE--I HAVEN'T A DIME!"..... ANITA PAGE: "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY KEEP PAYING ME A GOOD SALARY WITHOUT GIVING ME A GOOD RÔLE"..... GARY COOPER: "LUPE VELEZ IS DEFINITELY OUT OF MY LIFE--WE DIDN'T EVEN SPEAK IN NEW YORK"..... RICHARD ARLEN: "MY YACHT DID NOT SINK--IT WAS JUST A NEWSPAPER STORY--AND A ROWBOAT!"..... DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: "I HAVE BEEN FLYING TO SEE JOAN THREE TIMES A WEEK WHILE SHE'S BEEN ON LOCATION"..... JACK GILBERT: "I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED TO VIRGINIA BRUCE THE DAY AFTER MY DIVORCE FROM INA CLAIRE BECOMES FINAL!"..... CLARK GABLE: "I'M SPENDING MY TIME MEASURING LOTS AND PLANNING HOUSE-SITES..... DOES THAT LOOK LIKE DIVORCE?"..... HARRISON CARROLL: "SOME FOLKS IN HOLLYWOOD WON'T TAKE SIDES IN THE LOWELL SHERMAN-HELENE COSTELLO DIVORCE ROW UNTIL THEY SEE WHO GETS THE LIBRARY!"

"We never discussed the picture business much at home and I never thought of going in it until after father died. I guess we thought one actor in the family was enough," says Creighton Chaney, Lon's son, who broke into headlines when he refused to cash in on his father's fame by taking the name of Lon, Jr.

"I don't know whether my ideas on picture work agree with Dad's or not. You see, I was brought up not to disagree with him," he adds.

A clean-cut college boy type, with an athletic build, Creighton says he "wrestles, plays golf, tennis, rides horseback, and plays handball. I like all of them.

"I learned a lesson from golf. I started out to play without taking any lessons—being such a big ox, I expected to hit the ball as far as anyone. I did well at first and then got into a rut and couldn't improve.

"Now I know every beginner should start in with an open mind and take all the advice he can get—that's what I want to do in pictures. I'm going to be a success—even if it's only as a prop boy!"



Very he-man as to his ideas on girls, Creighton says, "A girl should be a pal—be able to do whatever you can—maybe not so well. A charming hostess—and conversationalist—and also know when to keep quiet. And a good loser."

A large order, perhaps—but Creighton's six feet two inches tall and seems destined for success. Already they've compared him to Gable. And the girls around town are practising up on their sports!



"I haven't found Hollywood to be at all like the place we pictured in 'Once in a Lifetime'," says Aline MacMahon, who played the wisecracking voice teacher in the clever play which poked fun at the movie capital. "Studios are just as efficient and businesslike as factories. They even check up on the number of hair nets I use!

"Although I have played in 'Five-Star Final' and 'The Mouthpiece' for Warners, I haven't signed a contract. You see, I like to go back to New York between pictures to visit my husband, Clarence Stein.

"Now that they are going to make 'Once in a Lifetime' as a talking picture, I'd love to do my former rôle," she adds. And she *will* play it.

Her voice is low and soft, very different in type from the biting sarcastic voice you hear on the screen. She has blue eyes, brown hair, and a gentle, but rather determined manner.

Asked by the studio to fill in a publicity sheet and answer the question, "What do you think of domesticity?" she answered, "It's a good life. I think of it often."

As for other hobbies, she says, "Outdoor sports? . . . I like to ride on the tops of buses . . . and play bridge . . . and collect old china and Oriental jewelry . . . and read biographies and Ernest Hemingway and Colette . . . I don't cook . . . I haven't any pets . . . I like to paint in my spare time . . . and my present ambition—well—I'd like to go on being a good actress!"

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

CECIL B. DeMILLE, the fella that put sex appeal in the American bathrooms, is returning to the directorial field after a long, long vacation. For his comeback production he has selected a play with "a message" to the world, which seems to me to be taking in a lot of territory. It's "The Sign of the Cross," all about the ha-cha-cha doings in ancient Rome when Nero invited the boys and girls over for a good, snappy orgy.

C. B. seems to think that Rome of that day was not unlike the world of to-day. In other words, we are riding for a fall, and if we aren't careful some modern Nero is going to set fire to us and fiddle away while we burn.

All very nice, but while he deplores materialistic tendencies, I'll bet C. B. recalls how well his other religious pictures fared at the box office.

"Ten Commandments" grossed $5,000,000, and Paramount has just taken it out of the vaults and put it back to work in "Forgotten Commandments." I want to tell you that the opening of the Red Sea still has plenty of pepper. Even "The King of Kings," less highly regarded, is now in its third million, even if it did get barred in China because it was propaganda.



Mtchle

Joan Crawford (center) is now playing one of the biggest rôles of her career and one of the biggest in modern drama as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." But she's also in a tough spot—for she'll have to try to outshine the late Jeanne Eagels (left) in the stage version, and Gloria Swanson (right) in the silent screen version

TALLULAH BANKHEAD was somewhat surprised the other morning to hear that she had been sitting in people's laps down at Gary Cooper's party the night before.

It didn't take much sleuthing to find that the coy, young lap-sitter had been Toluca, the pet chimpanzee which Gary brought from darkest Africa. Anyway, the Paramount publicity department *says* the critter's name is Toluca. When Gary talks to it, it *sounds* like he says Tallulah. Everyone thinks it's a great joke except La Bankhead. She tries to be a good sport—and can take it, but who in Sam Hill wants to have a monkey for a namesake?

While I'm still on the subject of the exotically fascinating Miss Bankhead, the rumors still fly about that she is pining away because Gary is "so cold." She has admitted, so they say, that she regards the tall Montanan as the most attractive man on the screen.

So far the situation remains "as was," with Gary being seen places with the Countess Frasso.

And, after all, Gary has a Tallulah right in his home. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches.

IN spite of the fact that he was kept pretty busy giving five shows a day, judging marble tournaments, being made honorary member of fire departments and being guarded by four private detectives, no more, no less, Jackie Cooper found time for one good deed at least during his recent personal appearance tour.

One day, while he was appearing in Detroit, a very dusty and very tired small boy presented himself at the stage door and pleaded to see his idol.

He told Jackie that he had walked fourteen miles to see him, but he didn't have the money to buy a ticket. Jackie not only bought the ticket but treated him to dinner afterward. When the young fan had stowed away an enormous quantity of beefsteak and mashed potatoes Jackie gave him the busfare home, and money to bring his father, mother and sister to the show the next day.

You can say what you want about Garbo to this fan, but he'll fight at the drop of a hat if one word is breathed against the fair name of Cooper.

The day Jackie was taken to see—and be seen by—the editor of this magazine in New York, Jackie was peeved. What he wanted to see, he said, was the Five and Ten.

(*Continued on page 74*)



After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHES . . COOLS . . DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your hand bag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE — tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. 8. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE CHECKS **BODY ODORS** ENDS HALITOSIS

JUL 26 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC



By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

LET'S STRAIGHTEN OUT BETTE DAVIS' LOVE-LIFE!

EVERY actress must have a love-life. That's the first law of Hollywood, and if any young blonde dares to defy it and is a little shy about discussing hers, a love-life will be provided for her by someone with an imagination. So it was with Bette Davis, the girl who reminds everyone, even the Warner Brothers, of Connie Bennett.

Her "love-life" was a good story, but no one ever thought of asking Bette about it, until MOVIE CLASSIC's sleuths got busy on the case. If that hadn't happened, the true story about Bette and her loves might never have come to light.

Everyone should know by this time that Bette left her native Boston, burning with the ambition to act, and enrolled in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York. Before she got her first stage engagement, Bette is supposed to have met one of the young bond salesmen who abound in New York—or used to, in those inflated days. And because she was young and had the most startling blue eyes in the world, they became engaged.

But then came a part with the Provincetown Players, and Bette was suddenly making more money than her struggling young salesman. So this Rover Boy drew himself up to his full height and refused to marry the gal until she was making a smaller salary than his.

He didn't have long to wait. The play closed, and the Davis career seemed to be at a standstill, so our young hero again consented to set the date for the wedding. But before the trousseau was assembled, Bette got her big chance—the rôle of *Hedvig* in the revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." The bridegroom had received a raise by that time, but it wasn't enough. Bette's pay-check topped his once more, and all bets were off.

(*Continued on page 66*)

GABLE DENIES DIVORCE RUMORS

"Absurd!" says Clark, and explains why—so that you can't doubt him. Moreover, he tells you just how he has changed in this past year—and how he hasn't changed. He reveals how he figures his success and what his future plans are. In short, he TELLS ALL in this amazingly frank interview!

By GLADYS HALL



...as a doctor in "Strange Interlude"

Clark Gable has given few interviews lately, as you may have noticed. For one thing, he has been too busy; for another thing, he doesn't talk except when he has something to say. This interview, therefore, is in the nature of a "scoop." He is getting some things off his chest that he hasn't said before. He is absolutely frank.—Editor.

"THE divorce rumors about Mrs. Gable and me are absurd!" says Clark Gable. "They are really funny. Hollywood can never break my marriage. I say that positively. It is impossible. I certainly have *not* changed, so far as my personal life is concerned. I still want what I wanted a year ago. I still want the things that are most important to me—my wife, my family. They are all that mattered to me then—*and they are all that matter to me now.*"

This is Clark Gable's answer to those who say that a divorce is impending between his wife and himself. This is his answer to those who claim that he is no longer the Clark Gable he was a year ago. This is the upshot of a frank, straight-from-the-shoulder talk I have just had with him.

And if this man isn't a square-shooter, happily married, and totally unspoiled, then I belong in an institution for the blind. For I believe every word he said to me. I believe his honest, unwavering gray eyes. I believe that he tells the straightforward truth, and nothing else. I don't believe that he is capable of beating about the bush, of evading, of fictionizing. I believe that, *off the screen*, he is no actor at all. That's why men like him.

I asked him if he thought he had changed. I asked him what this year of fevered fame had done to him.

And he said, honestly, "Of course, I have changed. Bound to—a little. But I believe it is only a little—and in little ways. Some of the changes have been forced on me.



Clark Gable says: "Mrs. Gable doesn't have to thank me for sticking around, you know. If anything, she deserves credit for sticking around with *me*. I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and good luck—to marry the woman I did"

Things He Can't Do Now

"FOR instance, I can no longer prowl up and down Hollywood Boulevard, the way I used to. I'm known, naturally. Also naturally, people stare. It makes me uncomfortable. I liked being unknown better than I like being known, at times like those. My freedom is curtailed. I have to stay away from public places unless I want to feel like an ass, which I don't.

"Fortunately for me, I like to stay away from most public places. I dislike big parties. I dislike



Clark says: "There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better-looking. I just happened to have *something*—I don't know what it is, and neither do you . . ."



. . . as a gangster in "A Free Soul"



. . . as a minister in "Polly of the Circus"



. . . as a flier in "Hell Divers"

mixing with strangers. I never go to big parties and never give them. We go, Mrs. Gable and I, to see our friends, of course—Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Beerys, one or two others. I still like to fool around in the garden, digging, planting things. I still prefer to take long rides in my car, play tennis, and ride horseback better than any other things I might do.

"I've changed in one other respect—very drastically. A year ago, when you first talked to me, I didn't want a home. I didn't want *things*. Now I do. I'm going to build a home, a place I can be proud of, a place the family will enjoy. Naturally, I've come to feel that I want to see some of the fruits of all this. I never get a kick out of doing things for myself alone. I can't watch myself alone enjoying things. A home will be for all of us.

"And I've changed in one other particular—*I* [illegible] *what it is all about.*"

And that, I'm telling you, is a change. Because, just one year ago, Clark *didn't* know what it was all about. He told me so. His exact words were, "I don't know what to think—I don't know what it's all about—I'm just an actor with a job, that's all."

Now he does know. That sudden flare of fame, put on too hastily like some gaudy coat, ill-adjusted, fits him now. He has shrugged his shoulders into place in it. He knows how to wear it, what goods it is made of, where the seams rub, how he looks in it . . .

How He Has Kept His Balance

HE said, "If, as you are nice enough to say, I have kept my balance—and why not?—it's probably because I've always had the faculty of distinguishing between sincerity and insincerity. I can tell in two minutes whether the person I'm talking to is telling me the truth or handing me a line. Most of 'em are insincere. That doesn't flatter me.

Continued on page 62



Hurrell

"Pretty soft," grins Leila Hyams, who doesn't mind working, these dog days, under conditions like these. She's Jean Harlow's blonde rival in "Red-Headed Woman"—and to look at Leila, you'd think the job was an easy one

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Left, Walter Winchell (seated) signs a contract with Carl Laemmle, Jr., to star in "Okay, America," but later had to call it off, other contracts interfering

JANET Gaynor is the latest to assume the mantle of the Garbo-mystery rôle. Little Janet has gone "mum" with a vengeance. When she arrived back from Europe, she set down a few laws that fairly took away the breath of the publicity department:

She has refused to give out any "quoted" information about herself. She will not pose for fashion pictures. She does not desire to be grouped in "symposium" stories (those stories which also contain anecdotes of other stars). In short, Janet is getting quite as exclusive as Garbo ever was.

When will these boys and girls ever wake up to the fact that only Garbo can pull a "Garbo"? In anyone else the same tactics are slightly ridiculous. There is nothing mysterious about Janet and even her determined silence can't make it so.

She is a sweet, lovable, little girl who can gain nothing by hiding the fact from the public!



Longet

Guess where Kitty Kelly is! That's what everyone has been doing since "Girl Crazy." When this was taken, she was in her glass-enclosed shower—before going East on vacation

THIS month's prayer: "Please, Will Hays, or somebody, deliver us from any more pictures in which Jimmy Dunn breaks down and cries . . . James Cagney boots the heroine . . . and George Arliss grunts!"

DOUGLAS Fairbanks, Sr., and William Collier, Sr. are the headliners in the best Hollywood story of the month:

Doug had been invited to attend the Masquers Club and give the boys a little talk on the glories of life in the South Seas or something like that. Now, Doug has never been much of a public speaker. He's enthusiastic—but inclined to ramble. In fact, he rambled so much that ear-witnesses to the speech insist that not two of Doug's sentences had any connection whatsoever. After fifteen minutes of hop-skip-and-jump, Doug took his seat.



"Ho-hum," says Jean Harlow, the ex-bathing girl who became the platinum blonde and now seldom gets a chance to sun herself in a bathing suit. She's resting after a hard day's work in a red wig in "Red-Headed Woman"

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Toastmaster Collier got to his feet.

"Douglas," he said, slowly, smilingly, "that was a very good speech. Very good, indeed. It would have been even better if it had been made in English."

COLUMNIST Harrison Carroll comes in a good second for witty remarks with his observation on the Helene Costello-Lowell Sherman divorce suit in which Lowell charged his wife read indecent books. Says Mr. Carroll:

"Some folks in Hollywood won't take sides in the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce row until they see who gets the library."

JOE Brown can step right up and take the grand prize with stories about "my operation." Joe can rightly say: "Have you heard about my *operations?*" The Warner Brothers' comedian recently underwent three operations at the same time.

He was first relieved of his tonsils and his appendix. And while they had Joe on the table they decided to remove a piece of bone from his leg.

For some time the comedian has been suffering from severe pains in the back. Surgeons believe the various operations will relieve that old trouble.

Joe's next picture has the intriguing title "You Said a Mouthful."



Here's looking at you (maybe)! Recognize your old friend, Ben Turpin? Recently very ill, the famous comic is facing the cameras again in "Million-Dollar Legs"



As Paul Revere didn't say, "The British are comely." But, then, Paul never saw Adrianne Allen—who makes her American début as The Other Woman in "Merrily We Go to Hell"

KAY Francis was all set to hop off with Ruth Chatterton for a two months' vacation in Europe. Which should stop any talk of rivalry between the two sophisticated charmers of Warner Brothers.

But at the last minute Kay couldn't make the trip. Picture work interfered, so Ruth made plans for sailing alone. Ralph Forbes will not accompany her, which will probably start those divorce rumors all over again.

But Ruth says she doesn't mind. Let them talk!

NEVER did a romance so sneak up on Hollywood and take it unawares as the engagement of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert. (You can read more about it on pages 42 and 43.) When the story broke in the papers that the lovely, blonde Bruce girl would become the bride of John Gilbert as soon as his divorce from Ina Claire became final, the whole town gasped, *"Well!"*

Some time after August 15th is the date set for the wedding. It is Virginia's first trip to the altar, and Jack's fourth. A little Southern girl, non-professional, was the first and briefest Mrs. John Gilbert; Leatrice Joy (mother of Gilbert's young daughter) the second; Ina Claire, the third. Virginia, the expected-to-be Mrs. Gilbert, the Fourth, evens the score as to the type John prefers. Two brunettes and two blondes!



That's no hokum about George Brent's being a he-man. Here he is—on vacation, mind you—playing woodchopper in a mountain camp. Yet his (and Ruth Chatterton's) next is called "Children of Pleasure"!

Fryer

A YEAR or so ago Virginia Bruce was trying to get a foothold in the movies through "extra" work. She was one of the show girls in Eddie Cantor's movie production of "Whoopee." I remember I talked with Virginia one day in the publicity department of the United Artists Studio. At that time she was quite blue about her movie prospects. She remarked that everybody encouraged her . . . and nobody did anything about it.

Ziegfeld took her East for his extravaganza, "Smiles" in which she was quite a hit. But Virginia couldn't forget the lure of the movies. Her second attempt was far more successful. M-G-M signed her on a contract and she was loaned to Warner Brothers and Paramount for very good rôles.

She is a tall blonde who looks a great deal like Jane Novak (remember Jane of the Bill Hart pictures?). Her manner is languid and drowsy. John Gilbert loves to sit at the feet of his lady-love and murmur, "Beautiful, beautiful."



Helen Twelvetrees has not only changed her haircut, but is changing studios briefly for "Without Shame." RKO loaned her to M-G-M for the rôle of the girl whose brother kills her suitor—a story based on a recent murder case. Then she'll retire for a Blessed Event

Ball

A GREAT many people believe that the news of John's new serious romance must have been a great shock to Ina Claire. It is true that they are separated. But those who know Ina well believe that she has never fallen out of love with Gilbert. Just before the announcement of his coming wedding, Ina had wired Jack, inviting him to play the rôle opposite her in a New York stage production this Fall.

ALICE White is back in Hollywood after a long and successful vaudeville tour . . . which naturally means that her devoted fiancé, Cy Bartlett, is also in town. These two have been "going together" for four years, but Cy's first words to reporters were: "No wedding bells for a while yet. I know what Harry Bannister meant when he said he couldn't stand to be known as 'Mr. Ann Harding' any longer. I love Alice too much to ruin our happiness by becoming known as 'Mr. Alice White.' Until I am actually established on my own, I don't want to drag Alice or myself through a similarly humiliating situation as the Harding-Bannister affair."

Alice has taken a very grand house on a Hollywood hill. There is a strong possibility that she may sign for a series of pictures with Columbia. The deal is on the fire.



The toothsome twosome at the right are Arthur Pierson and Joan Marsh, who are both a swimming team and a love team in "Bachelor's Affairs." Producers have an idea that the young stage actor may do a Jimmy Dunn in films, and Joan does like the type. Hasn't she been stepping out with Jimmy, himself?



Here's one star who can wear a $35,000 wrap and still draw more attention than the chinchilla. She's Tala Birell, the Roumanian exotic, and the fur may fly in "Zeppelin," which will be her second American picture

Ray Jones

MARY Pickford hasn't made a picture in many months. There is plenty of gossip among the gossip-columnists that "Mary has seen her best days." Yet it isn't for the privilege of looking at some of the newer, more "popular" players that the large crowd gathers outside the Brown Derby almost every day now. The word has gone around that Queen Mary (just try to unseat her with the public!) is lunching there almost daily. The crowd starts forming at an early hour in the hope of catching Mary and her party as they enter . . . and they stay late to see her as she comes out.

Just the other day, Constance Talmadge shared honors from the sidewalk gallery with Mary. The folks hadn't forgotten Connie and gave her a royal welcome. It is the first, or second, time Connie has ever lunched at the Brown Derby and she was as thrilled as any fan.

Douglas Fairbanks and the Countess Frasso were in the Pickford group that day. Gary Cooper joined them later. Ah there, Gary!

Loretta Young, looking pretty, but a little tired, lunched with her mother and sisters.

Lois Wilson was spotted standing in line, waiting for a table.

DID you know that they almost roped Marie Dressler in on that muchly criticized "imitation of Garbo" gag Will Rogers and Wally Beery pulled at the première of "Grand Hotel?" But Marie was too smart for them. She said she was "too ill" to attend. Marie knows her movies . . . and her Hollywood.

PEGGY Shannon and her husband, Allan Davis, dropped in the other night for a little session of cards. Strictly speaking, Peggy and Allan are separated, but in spite of that he is her most devoted dinner-and-dancing partner. They see each other almost daily.

Allan is quite a good-looking fellow with years of vaudeville experience behind him. Wonder why some producer doesn't give him a chance?



Now you can see (left) what Lola Lane has to put up with in her married life, what with Lew Ayres her husband! After jealously guarding their private life since September 15, 1931, they are at last allowing the world a glimpse of Young Love At Home. Lew may get the rôle intended for Winchell in "Okay, America"

...er is a very gen-
...ve never heard
her refer to an... ...star except
in the most compli... ...rms (and
that's more than we can say ... ... lot
of the others).

The other day Norma was present in a group in which another star was being severely put on the pan. It was the opinion of the luncheon ladies that the girl they referred to was neither beautiful nor talented.

"Then all the more power to her," spoke up Norma. "If she can reach stardom in the movies without either beauty or talent—then she must be a genius!" That just about ended the discussion.

DEAR Jackie Cooper: It's a good thing you hurried back to Hollywood. A freckle-faced kid, named Mickey Rooney, is running wild right up your alley. A word to the wise is sufficient . . .

DID Jack Dempsey "steal" Lina Basquette's affections away from Teddy Hayes, the Manassa Mauler's former trainer?

Jack says he didn't and the very idea seems to make him

(Continued on page 65)



There's just one bad feature about being a cowboy star—you usually have to hire someone to pull off your boots. But Tom Mix, dat old antique collector, has found a contraption (right) to hold his boot while he yanks. He has just finished his fourth talkie, "My Pal, the King"

Ray Jones

Headline Career of GARBO

1925-1932

GRETA GARBO—in person a tall, severely slender girl who wears mannish clothes; on the screen, the most glamourous figure that movie-goers have ever known—has had more written about her than any other two individuals in Hollywood.

This, despite the fact that she is reticent and shy, had little to say in the days when she was first carving her career and, since January, 1928—four and a half years ago—hasn't given an interview to a reporter or magazine writer of any description.

Pick up any periodical devoted to news of motion pictures, and you will find something about Garbo—photograph or story—emblazoned on its pages. It is estimated that Garbo has made more magazine "cover lines" than any other four stars in the business.

What have writers managed to say about her when she hasn't said a word for so long, herself? You will find that she has been discussed from every possible angle—hair, eyes, teeth, diet, figure, health, silence, mystery, love-life, no love-life, sun-baths, art, work, temperament, temper, homelife, accent. Only Greta knows what hasn't been printed about her.

If you want to get an idea of what the Garbo publicity—unsolicited, heaped upon her gratis—has all been about up to now, read her headline history:

May, 1925—Mauritz Stiller, famous Swedish film director, and Greta Garbo, Swedish film star unknown on this side, arrive in New York after ten-day trip from Gothenberg. Miss Garbo, known as "the Norma Shearer of Sweden," and Director Stiller have been placed under contract to M-G-M. Reported that her salary will be four hundred dollars a week.

July 15, 1925—Famous Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller, and his protégée, Greta Garbo, arrive in Hollywood. Crowd at station surprised at her youth, plumpness and freckles.

February, 1926—Swedish newcomer makes American film début opposite Ricardo Cortez in Ibañez story, "The Torrent." Surprises by being a sensation. Critic writes: "Probably the most important feature of the film is . . . Greta Garbo, a pretty, wistful, and intensely feminine young person, who suggests a composite picture of a dozen of our best-known stars. Making her début in the film, she registers a complete success. She is not so much an actress as she is endowed with individuality and magnetism."

February 25, 1926—Greta Garbo and Marceline Day, screen actresses, cited to appear in Santa Monica police court to answer speeding charges.





Above, Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie," which drew crowds in January, 1930, with ad catch-line, "Garbo TALKS!" Right, in her first American picture, "The Torrent" (February, 1926)

International

Garbo has twice been rumored engaged to Wilhelm Soerensen (above)

April 30, 1926—Sister of Greta Garbo, film actress, dies in Sweden.

May, 1926—Story titled "The Mysterious Stranger" appears in film magazine. It is about Greta Garbo.

July 16, 1926—Greta Garbo given place of honor at M-G-M luncheon to

COMPILED By MURIEL BABCOCK

Right, Garbo as a platinum blonde—in the early scenes of "As You Desire Me," her last picture on her $7,500-a-week contract with M-G-M. Again critics acclaimed her



Left, the very latest portrait of Garbo—taken just before her contract with M-G-M ended on June first. Studio gave her a traveling bag, but bank closing delayed her departure for Sweden



Below, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert on location for "Flesh and the Devil" at the height of their famous romance

C. S. Bull

visiting Prince of Sweden.

September 18, 1926—Twenty to-day, Greta is rumored engaged to John Gilbert. Romance reported as hot and hectic, with hero of "The Big Parade" constantly at her side.

October, 1926—Newcomer continues screen success in second siren rôle in second Ibañez story, "The Temptress," playing opposite Antonio Moreno. One critic wonders, however, why she is cast in Spanish rôles.

October 17, 1926—Tells reporters she doesn't like vampire rôles. Would like to play "real women."

November 11, 1926—Two outbursts of temperament occur on the M-G-M lot, despite its being Armistice Day. Garbo refuses to work on new script until salary adjustment is made. John Gilbert orders all visitors off his set. Order catches Marcus Loew, theatre magnate, as he is about to watch Gilbert in some scenes. Loew leaves with others.

January, 1927—Greta Garbo appears as co-star of John Gilbert in "Flesh and the

(Continued on page 0)

Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

Margaret Livingston, the screen actress who married Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, and made him a changed man, tells how she did it. After her success in reducing his weight one hundred and ten pounds, screen success doesn't have much appeal to Margaret any more!

EVERYONE in Hollywood wondered why Margaret Livingston kept Paul Whiteman waiting so long before she made up her mind to marry him. Now, confesses Margaret Livingston Whiteman, it can be told. She loved him. She admired him. She found him congenial. *But he was too fat.*

"I'm fastidious about appearances," Margaret admits. "Looks mean a great deal to me—too much, perhaps. At any rate, after he kept begging for months for my answer, I told him the brutal truth.

"'If you want me badly enough to lose fifty pounds, Paul,' I told him, 'I'll marry you.'

"'But I don't know if I can do it,' he protested, 'I'll try, of course.'

"He went back to Chicago. Almost every night he called me up long-distance. It sounds romantic to be wooed by telephone, but what we talked about was pounds and ounces and carbohydrates and proteins. 'I had nothing except a lettuce and tomato salad for lunch to-day, with one slice of toast,' he would boast, and I'd praise him and give him the menu for the next day. That first fifty pounds was hard to lose—but he stuck to it. He'd send me telegrams with his weight on them, and they were the nicest love letters. Four months later, he had lost the fifty pounds; we then married.

"But I wasn't going to stop there. He was still sixty pounds overweight. We talked it over and Paul was interested in going on. It was a game now, trying to beat the weighing machine. There was a sporting element to it. That was almost a year ago. This morning he turned from the full-length mirror and said, 'Darling, I have to give you credit for seeing beauty where no other woman ever did! Because, honestly, Darling, I do think I'm quite beautiful now!'



Right, how Paul Whiteman looked—and how his dinner table looked—before he fell in love. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds then

Ball



Seymour

Margaret Livingston told Paul Whiteman she would marry him when he had lost fifty pounds—and she did, last August 19. Now he has lost sixty more, feels better, and looks ten years younger

Weighs Only 187 Now

"HE weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds this morning, which is exactly right for his build and age. I wouldn't have him lose another ounce—and he wouldn't *gain* another

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN



Above, how Paul looked in the title rôle of "The King of Jazz." It was while he was in Hollywood for this picture that he met Margaret, the miracle-worker

ounce for anything in the world! He's too proud of his grand new figure, and the way he can wear clothes now. And everyone who meets him exclaims over his waistline and tells him he looks ten years younger!

"Besides, apart from the fact that he looks and feels better, he couldn't afford to gain weight now. He had to throw away thirty-seven suits of clothes, after the tailor had cut them down till they wouldn't cut any further. He outshrank his shirts and underwear. Even his hats and shoes are one size smaller. With a brand-new wardrobe he has to stay thin to wear it! Losing that hundred and ten pounds lost Paul twenty-four hundred dollars in clothes alone.

"It took him a year to lose the last sixty pounds. I didn't want him to reduce too fast. It's dangerous, and, besides, you get flabby unless you tighten up the skin all the time by exercise. I expected, of course to have a terrific trouble keeping him down to a diet, but the worst troubles came not from Paul, but from his fat friends.

"They'd buttonhole him and say seriously, 'Listen, old fellow, I don't want to frighten you—but honestly, it isn't safe for you to reduce like this. We're intended for big men. It'll strain your heart (or kidneys or liver or stomach)—I tried it myself and the doctors told me I'd die if I kept on. You want to be sure you're not ruining your health, old fellow!'

"Whenever Paul came in silent and preoccupied and then broke out with 'Margaret, I don't feel so good to-day. All gone and weak. No pep. Maybe I'd better slow down on the dieting for a bit—then I'd know that his fat friends had been at him again.

"I hadn't been planning Paul's diet under a doctor's orders. I just read every book written on dieting and took whatever seemed sensible from each one. I thought I

(Continued on page 60)

Paul Whiteman as he is to-day—a 187-pound wonder to the medical profession. He weighed 20 pounds at birth



Duncan
When Helene Costello's "day in court" came, she just quietly asked for a divorce on the grounds of "cruelty"!

New Divorce Styles For Hollywood

By MARK DOWLING

After a half-dozen of the recent curious "love divorces" of Hollywood, which have elevated domestic disagreements to a distinctly idealistic plane, the frankly rowdy Sherman-Costello proceedings seemed to indicate a return to normal.

It may be all very jolly for a wife to totter from the divorce court on the affectionate arm of her ex-husband (as several wives have done lately), or for the recently separated couple to announce devotedly a few hours later that they may remarry soon (as Harry Bannister did), but it doesn't make for that airy chit-chat which is as necessary as salads at the stars' luncheon tables.

"If they understand each other so well, and admire each other so much," demanded one moody fellow, who failed to be impressed by the pathos of the Harding-Bannister affair, "why bother to get divorced at all?"

And as if his words were prophetic, that is just what one star decided, to the disappointment of the sensation-loving inmates of the studios. After announcing her intention of seeking her freedom from Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge changed her mind. "We have decided that getting a divorce is too much trouble," Norma said, "so there will be no divorce!" Which adds to the list of new styles the "too-much-trouble divorce."

New Kinds of Divorces Favored by the Stars

"The Kiss Divorce"—originated by Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, who kissed after being parted.

"The Mail-Order Divorce"—obtained very quietly and speedily, first by Nancy Carroll, then by Miriam Hopkins.

"The Civilized Divorce"—which was first favored by Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey.

"The Gardenia Divorce"—so-called because the former Mrs. Monte Banks wished her ex-husband *bon voyage* with a bouquet after their parting.

"The Truce Divorce"—just indulged in by Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, who started out to have a battle in court and then called it off.

They Wanted a Fight

WHEN Lowell Sherman sued his wife, Helene Costello (daughter of Maurice and sister of Dolores), for divorce, the dramatic details delighted everyone in Hollywood—with the very possible exception of those kindly souls who wish to portray the movie capital as the country's leading center of Sweetness and Light.

It was a good, old-fashioned divorce with fireworks, tears, accusations, 'n' everything—that is, until some of the Movie Powers stepped in and pushed down on the soft pedal. And just when Hollywood was really enjoying a divorce case for the first time in many moons—or honeymoons!

MUCH more in earnest about ending his marriage was the sophisticated Lowell Sherman, however. The hearing was not held in a closed courtroom in distant Reno, but right in Los Angeles in a court seating fifty-nine spectators, with plenty of space for others to stand near the door. And if the Olympic games gather as big a crowd as that trial, they will be a grand success! They almost put up a "Standing Room Only" sign.

The blasé Mr. Sherman caused a sensation in a Hollywood which has grown accustomed to "friendly" divorces by accusing his wife, among other things, of drinking too much, throwing cocktail glasses at him, knocking over

The frank old days, when movie couples aired their REAL troubles in court, are apparently over. Even Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, who started out to have a battle before the judge, ended up with one of the new "civilized" divorces!



tables and "slugging" her mother-in-law. And while making these accusations, Sherman gave a performance of a sophisticate red with rage, fidgeting and finger-wagging, such as he has never shown on the screen.

This frankness was so very different from the chaste reticence of the Miriam Hopkins-Austin Parker marital difficulties, to name just one, that Hollywood was stunned. Had the suave First Gentleman of the screen gone mad?

Miriam Hopkins, you remember, was legally separated from her husband by the quick and easy Mexican route. (This also was used by Nancy Carroll in quietly divorcing John Kirkland.) Since then, Miriam and Austin have been seen dining together and apparently on the best of terms, and there are rumors that a reconciliation may be effected any moment.

But now here was the elegant and cynical Lowell Sherman giving Brown Derby lunchers a full hour's delighted gossip by painting a pathetic word-picture of home-life among the sophisticates! Wasn't there even a schoolmasterly horror in his voice as he accused his wife of reading naughty books? (That Lowell owns the best and biggest erotic library in Hollywood, by the way, is gossip that may or may not be true.)



International

Lowell (on stand): "She called me a ham actor"



Helene (on stand): "He nagged me constantly"

After testifying in detail about why he wanted a divorce, Lowell Sherman suddenly withdrew his suit!

What They Quarreled About

ADDED sidelights on the private lives of sophisticates were given by a secretary, financial agent and asserted overseer of the family cellar, who spent more time talking of "hard" liquors than of the costly wines usually dear to men-of-the-world. And the domestic squabble that finally made their life together unbearable was the burning question: Do people look better in make-up or out of it? Another subject of dissension was as to which of the two was the more intellectual. So now a proletarian public knows what sophisticates talk about in the privacy of their own homes.

But the scandal! Compare it, people whispered, with the hushed and almost holy atmosphere that surrounded the separation of Ann Harding and her husband, who spent their time waiting for a Reno divorce in writing complimentary letters about each other. The Sherman-Costello affair was a change, certainly. These people really wanted a divorce. They were willing to fight to get one.

For there are chatty souls in Hollywood who are frank to admit that they think the Harding-Bannister mix-up, if it could be called anything so undignified, was all a bit silly.

"We will be the best of friends and see a great deal

(*Continued on page 77*)



Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

Margaret Perry, only eighteen and a great hit on both the New York and London stage, "gives up" her screen career and vanishes after her first picture. It wasn't any publicity stunt—Margaret was heart-broken!

Found in Denver, after a frantic search (with news of her disappearance suppressed), Margaret Perry went on to New York, where executives are pleading with her to return to Hollywood

By DOROTHY DONNELL

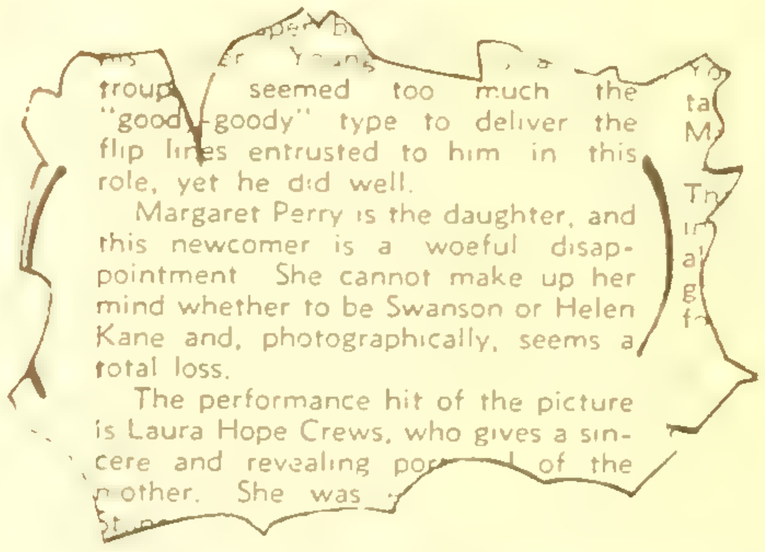
THE other day a famous little actress ran away from Hollywood, away from a part in a picture she was to have started the next day, from the pretty bungalow she had just rented, from her chaperon and her friends, leaving a desperate, tear-stained note behind her saying that "she was through, and never coming back."

The disappearance of Margaret Perry, Broadway star, featured in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picturization of the play in which she had just made a tremendous hit on the stage, was kept a secret even from prying, gossiping Hollywood for five long days, in which her friends and family sent frantic wires, and called in private detective agencies to search for her.

Only once before has such a thing happened—when Edna Best, about to begin work as John Gilbert's leading lady in "West of Broadway," fled from Hollywood because she was lonesome for her husband, Herbert Marshall, acting on Broadway.

Margaret Perry was wealthy in her own right, though none of her new Hollywood friends suspected she is the heiress to twenty million. She is adored by New York and London audiences, lovely, healthy, and eighteen. What emotion could be strong enough to cause her to run away?

WHY SHE "RAN AWAY"



...troupe seemed too much the "good-goody" type to deliver the flip lines entrusted to him in this role, yet he did well.

Margaret Perry is the daughter, and this newcomer is a woeful disappointment. She cannot make up her mind whether to be Swanson or Helen Kane and, photographically, seems a total loss.

The performance hit of the picture is Laura Hope Crews, who gives a sincere and revealing por... of the mother. She was ...

The clue to why Margaret Perry disappeared—with a big future ahead of her—was supplied by the above marked paragraph, torn from a Hollywood trade paper. It is part of the first review of her first picture, "New Morals for Old." Reading this one harsh criticism, she thought she was a failure in everyone's eyes.

At the RKO Studios where she had spent the day of her disappearance being fitted for gowns as Joel McCrea's leading woman in "The Most Dangerous Game," consternation reigned as they tried to answer that question. The susceptible Joel, who, it is said, considered Margaret "a swell kid," was one of those most affected. Mrs. Brock Pemberton, RKO fashion expert and Margaret's aunt, who lived next-door to her, spent a frantic night on the telephone, talking to her distraught mother, Antoinette Perry, famous actress-playwright, in New York.

What She Said in Her Note

MERIAN COOPER, the director, who had picked her out from M-G-M tests to play the heroine in "The Most Dangerous Game," studied the pitiful note she had sent him, for a possible clue. She was going away, the note said, and, she didn't want anybody to try to find her. She would never try to act again. She had been mistaken in thinking she was an actress—without her mother. If her mother had been with her, she implied, she might not have "failed."

The maid at Margaret's Hollywood home said that the young actress had come in at lunchtime, in good spirits, and had gone into her own room. A little later she had come out, eyes red with weeping, and had said that she was going shopping. Her chauffeur had left her at a downtown gown shop, and that was the last anyone knew of her. The discovery that she had taken sixty thousand

(*Continued on page 67*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Taking her cue from Gary Cooper (perhaps), Lupe Velez is now stepping out in society. You see her (right) at the exclusive Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island, on a week-end holiday from Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha," which took her out of the movies

Mary Nolan (left) lost her appeal from a 30-day jail sentence for violation of California labor laws. When she did not appear, the judge ordered her bail forfeited. Mary rushed back to the Coast from Nebraska, where she had been dancing, to try to win a pardon



With "Strange Interlude" finished, Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg (who's also her boss), are taking a vacation. She'll soon start "Smilin' Through"





International

Having auctioned off the house that Jack Dempsey gave her when they married, Estelle Taylor is now living in a bungalow at Malibu Beach. And since she now has no Jack (heh! heh!), she is painting the place, herself. (Or so it seems, left.) It is rumored that she will not remarry Jack because of Lina Basquette. See story, page 33



John Gilbert, despite three unsuccessful ventures into matrimony, is still an optimist. He has just asked Virginia Bruce, his new leading lady, to be the fourth Mrs. Gilbert. They will be married in August. See story page 42



Wherever Marlene Dietrich goes, she takes her little girl, Maria, and right behind them, always, is an armed guard

MARLENE DIETRICH GETS KIDNAP THREATS—CHILD UNDER CONSTANT GUARD

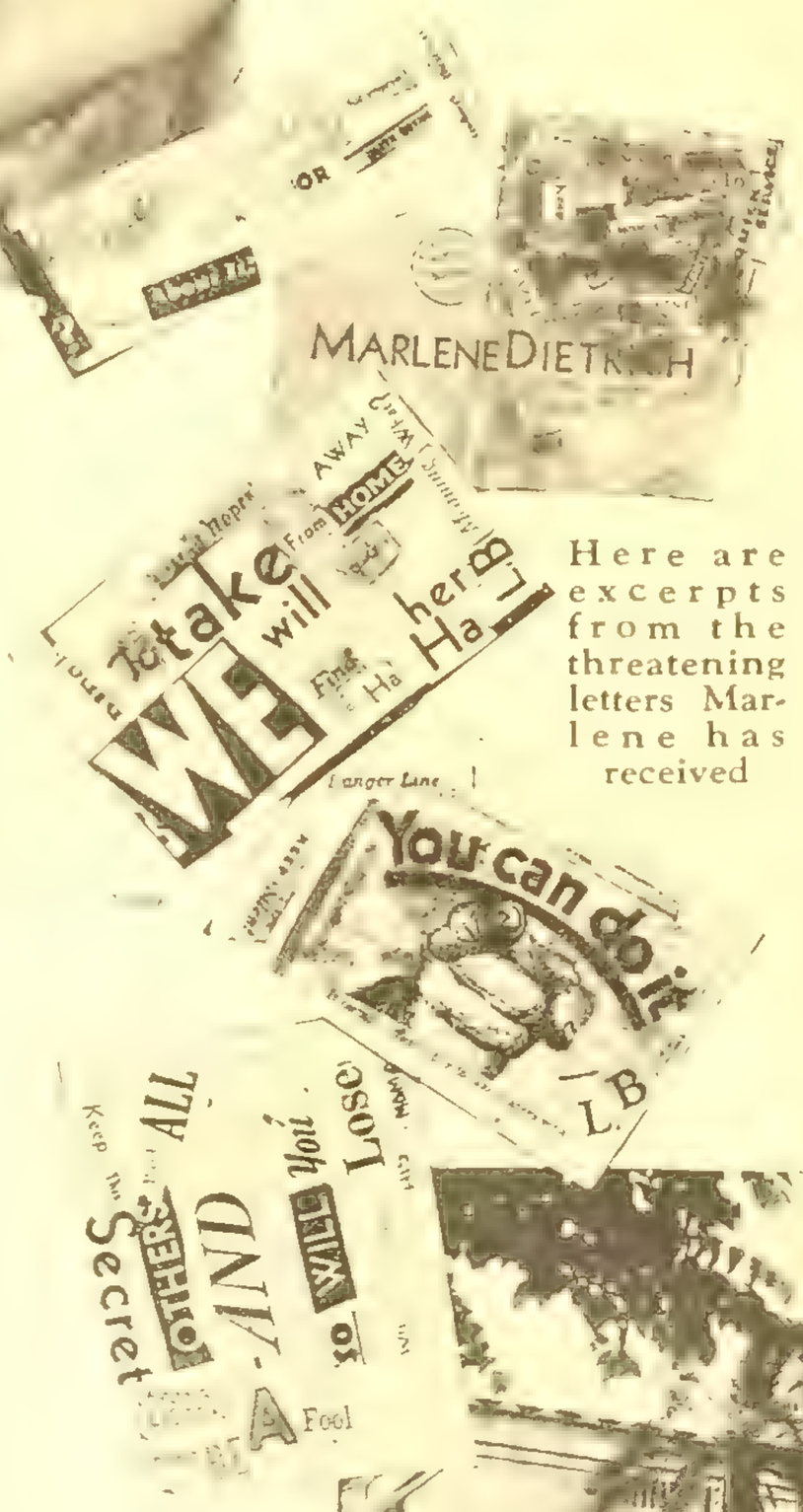
Most Famous Mother in Hollywood Receives Demands For Twenty Thousand Dollars From Kidnap Ring—Ruse To Trap Them Fails

BY JANET BURDEN

LAST March, when the Lindbergh atrocity stirred the country, Marlene Dietrich's neighbors' noticed that the bedroom windows of her house were being covered with a heavy iron grille, and that whenever her little girl, Maria, went out to play, she was followed closely by a guard, as well as a nurse. Marlene was in terror of having her own child kidnaped.

A newspaper printed a photograph of the house (owned by Charles Mack of "The Two Black Crows"), with a white arrow pointing to the barred window of the nursery. The next day, Marlene moved secretly to a cottage at well-guarded Malibu Beach, while bars were put on *all* the windows of the Beverly Hills house. Soon afterward, Marlene's director-husband, Rudolph Sieber, arrived from abroad. There were rumors that he would take the little girl back with him to Europe, where she would be safer.

Marlene's fears about her child's safety have not been baseless. She has received five notes of threat and warning, filled with such sentences as "If you want to save Maria to be a screen star, pay and if you don't she'll be but a loving memory." The first demand was for ten thousand dollars. Marlene turned each note over to the police, but the news of their receipt was kept from the newspapers—until the would-be kidnapers got two letters crossed, sending one intended for Marlene to another woman, and the other to Marlene.



Here are excerpts from the threatening letters Marlene has received

The kidnap ring expressed resentment at Marlene's ignoring their demands. They sent her this message: "Say, what's the big idea? Attention! Is the future of your girl worth it? Marlene, Marlene, you'll be sorry!" They told her that now she would have to pay them double.

There were no handwriting clues to work on, as in the Lindbergh case. Each word in each note had been cut from a magazine or newspaper, and pasted together to form the message.

Marlene, advised by the police, placed a dummy package where the kidnaping notes told her to leave the money, but it was not touched. A more threatening note followed. Marlene is taking small Maria to the studio with her these days. The Dietrich set at the studio is locked. An armed guard accompanies Marlene wherever she goes.



Acme

This is Marlene Dietrich's Beverly Hills home, to which the kidnap ring addressed their threats. Marlene has had iron grille work put on all the windows, not on just the nursery window, as before

BANK CLOSING DELAYS GARBO'S TRIP HOME, HITS OTHER STARS

"Movie Stars' Bank" Closes Suddenly, Tying Up Their Funds—Montgomery and Beery Among Those Who Feel Poor Again

BY EVELYN DERR

WHEN the First National Bank of Beverly Hills closed its doors and Garbo did not leave for Sweden at the time it had been announced she would, the two events seemed to be a remarkable coincidence. Wild rumor had it that Greta had "almost a million" in the bank. Her manager, Harry Edington, poohpoohed the sum mentioned. "Nonsense!" he said. "It was only a few thousand." But whether or not the closing of the bank affected Garbo, it affected hundreds of other stars.

The president of the bank, Richard L. Hargreaves, married a movie actress—Helen Ferguson, the wealthy widow of William Russell. Perhaps this was the reason for the movie colony's choosing this bank for its big accounts. At any rate, it was known as "the movie stars' bank," and players flocked to open accounts there. That's the way it is in Hollywood—what one does, the rest rush to do.

And that's the reason why the bank had to close its doors. It seems that some of the big stars suddenly got the notion that government gold bonds were the best investment for their money. As soon as the word got around, many other players wanted gold bonds, too. Several large depositors—reports says Eddie Cantor, the Marx Brothers and Corinne Griffith, among others—withdrew money to buy bonds. One star appeared with a withdrawal check for three hundred thousand dollars. That's quite a bit of change to take out of the tills without warning. So the next morning, there was a polite little notice on the doors and word flashed around that the movie folk had their money tied up.

Wallace Beery is marked as the man with the worst luck in Hollywood. He lost a hundred thousand in the failure of the Guaranty bank last year, and had forty-nine thousand in the Beverly Hills bank. Another unlucky star is Robert Montgomery, who has established a reputation for thrift in his three years as a star. Every week he has deposited the bulk of his pay-check in the bank. He came into the studio the morning of the closing, smiling gamely and held out empty hands.



A $300,000 withdrawal by one depositor was what caused the closing of the First National Bank of Beverly Hills (above)



Garbo (above) is reported to have had funds for trip to Sweden in bank



It's second time Wallace Beery (above) has been hit; Jean Harlow (right) kept money in safe deposit box





Robert Montgomery (above) has all his savings tied up

The rumor persists that Garbo had the money she had intended to take with her to Sweden in a checking account in the First National, and that, the rest of her fortune being tied up in government bonds, she may not be able to leave without making another picture or two. It is persistently stated that $380,000 of the Garbo American earnings were in this account.

Jean Harlow called up a friend on the morning of the bank's closing. The friend, who knew that Jean kept her money in that bank, began to condole with her, when she was amazed to hear Jean laughing heartily. "But didn't you just put sixty-three thousand in that bank after your tour?"

"Certainly," said Jean. "I put sixty thousand in cash in a safe deposit box, and the rest in a checking account!"

Conrad Nagel, Constance Bennett, Marie Dressler, Will Rogers and John Gilbert may have to economize for awhile, unless the optimistic predictions of the bank's president are justified and the stars' money is soon freed. Harold Lloyd and Marion Davies are known to have large sums tied up there.

Don't wish you were a movie star. They stub their toes, and pay taxes, and lose their money, too. And think how much more they have to lose!

DAD'S AUTO ACCIDENT BRINGS SALLY EILERS BACK TO HOOT GIBSON

Couple Kiss and Make Up When Sally's Father Is Injured—Had Parted When She Stayed Away From Home, After Own Crash

BY MADGE TENNANT



Wide World

Hoot and Sally smiled like this at one Mayfair party—but not the one at which Sally left him

When Sally stayed with friends after being injured, her cowboy husband (below) thought they had parted. He didn't know Sally had sought him



Powolny

Sally now shows no signs of being hurt—physically or otherwise. Her face is unscarred, and she's glad to be home again

A DARING, low-cut white satin gown of Sally Eilers' was the cause of her break-up with Hoot Gibson, though an auto accident added to it. And another auto accident was the cause of their making up again.

Sally, herself, says: "We never had had any serious quarrels, really, until I wore *that dress* to the Mayfair." Hoot thought it was pretty at first. But as the evening wore on, he began to hate that dress. It started when someone made a wisecrack about the danger of Sally's taking a deep breath. Hoot became insistent that Sally put on an evening wrap, and refuse dances. Finally Hoot began to insist that Sally go home. Her evening was "ruined."

She started—but not with Hoot. And on the way she was in an automobile accident and was cut about the face, but insisted on being taken to the Brown Derby, where she knew she would find Ben and Bebe Lyon, and thought Hoot would be with them. Hoot wasn't. Ben and Bebe rushed the distressed Sally to the Receiving Hospital, where two stitches were taken in her mouth.

Ben and Bebe took Sally to their house, where she stayed for three days without seeing Hoot. "He was still furious with me," says Sally, "because I hadn't come home, had gone to friends when I was in trouble. He gave out stories to the newspapers that we were separated. Then a story broke that we had become reconciled. It was merely a gesture. Hooter (the nickname, Sally gives her husband—ED.) was involved in a lawsuit in which our being on seeming good terms would help his case a great deal. We agreed that the truce would be just temporary.

"But then my mother and father were badly injured when their car overturned a block from our home—and we met at Father's home. And Hooter said, 'Let's not be foolish any more, Sally. We can be so happy together if we'll just try a little!'

"It seemed so nice to have a real reconciliation with Hooter, not to have it just a 'gag' as it had been! I'm back again where I belong."

GARY COOPER NAMES MONKEY "TALLULAH," BUT CO-STAR OBJECTS

The Lady Known As Bankhead Speaks To Gary Again After He Renames Baby Chimp, "Toluca"—Brought Pet Back From Africa To Enter Hollywood Society

BY RUTH WINGATE

THE cute little baby chimpanzee that Gary Cooper brought back from Africa will no longer be known as "Tallulah Cooper" in Hollywood social circles (and maybe you think that little 'monk' isn't in society!). Her new name is Toluca Cooper, and there is said to be a reason.

Tallulah is rather an unusual name. At least, Tallulah Bankhead, so the gossips report, thinks so. It isn't a name like "Elizabeth" or "Anna" or "Dot" that might safely be tacked on anyone or anything. So when Gary Cooper arrived back in Hollywood with a baby chimpanzee tucked under his arm and fondly referred to the little beast as "Tallulah," the original of the name became annoyed.

Of course, the little monkey was cute, but even a cute little "monk" is only a monk—and Tallulah didn't like it in the least. At first, we hear, Gary thought he could kid his co-star of "The Devil and the Deep" out of it, but as days went by and Tallulah swore she wouldn't speak to Gary until he changed the "chimp's" name, he obliged just by way of keeping peace on the set. It is a little difficult to co-star with a lady to whom you are not speaking.

Yet in spite of Tallulah's sensitiveness, Toluca is a howling social success in Hollywood. She's actually invited places. She has a wardrobe. She has evening and sports costumes. And, what's more, Toluca loves parties.

The night of Gary's famous housewarming, Toluca (then Tallulah) was the life of the party, and with Mary Pickford and the Countess Frasso, helped receive the guests. For this occasion Toluca was arrayed in a red satin evening gown, a small red beret, and an armful of fake diamond bracelets. She consumed a great quantity of caviar (*hors d'oeuvres* being Toluca's favorite diet). She ran chattering from one group to the other, taking her hostess duties very seriously. Only once did Toluca fly into a rage and that was when some rude person lifted



Dyar

It looks as if Gary Cooper picked out an old-fashioned girl this time. Toluca's gowns come from a Hollywood baby shop

It was when Gary looked like this, in darkest Africa, that Toluca first spotted him—and adopted him

her red skirt to see her "cute little legs." At this social outrage Toluca retired under the piano and hissed for several moments. The "chimp" won't stand for any nonsense!

Gary Cooper is crazy about his little "chimp." He worries about her far more than he does about his spectacular romances. She came into his life just when Gary was on the verge of a hunting trip into the African jungle. At the farthest outpost, a small town on the outskirts of the jungle, Gary's attention was caught by a cage full of young "chimps" for sale. He watched the funny little animals for a moment or two and started away.

Suddenly, there was a terrible commotion in the cage. One of the little animals was clawing and tearing at her cage, trying to follow Gary. Gary came back, took one good look at the lady later to be known as Toluca, and purchased her on the spot. Screaming with glee, she settled on his shoulder and has remained there (more or less) ever since. She has put Gary to no end of trouble, but then he doesn't seem to mind.

His great worry was that the change of climate between the African and Hollywood jungle would make Toluca sick. It did.

But with summer on hand and with all her social duties Toluca has staged a remarkable recovery. Of course, she is a little peeved with Tallulah Bankhead and it is said that she snubs her at parties. Toluca doesn't believe there is a thing to those romance rumors about Gary and the Bankhead woman!

HELEN HAYES SUED FOR $100,000 BY HER HUSBAND'S FORMER WIFE

Stage And Screen Star, Who Married Charles MacArthur, Playwright, In September, 1928, Is Accused Of Alienation Of His Affections By Carol Frink, Chicago Drama Critic, Who Divorced Him In 1926—Recent Story About Helen Said Couple Fell In Love Before He Was Divorced



Carol Frink (right), who divorced MacArthur in 1926, twice tried to have the decree set aside

Acme

BY DORIS JANEWAY

HELEN HAYES, who married Charles MacArthur, the playwright, in September, 1928, has just been sued for $100,000 for alienation of affections by Carol Frink, Chicago drama critic, who divorced MacArthur in 1926 after a long separation.

Miss Frink and MacArthur, then both reporters on the same Chicago newspaper, were married in 1920. In 1922, she filed a divorce action, and in 1926 she received her decree. Four years ago, she sued to have the divorce set aside, but lost in both a lower and an appellate court. This is the first time, however, that she has directed a suit against the second Mrs. MacArthur.

In her early reporting days, Carol Frink signed herself, "Little Girl Reporter," and Charles MacArthur was a brilliant, but erratic youngster who interspersed his tales of accidents and fires by scribbling plays on copy paper. On a belated wedding trip, they came to Hollywood, and Carol Frink interviewed several stars—including Charlie Chaplin. The story that Charlie told her attracted much attention, and presently Carol Frink was taken off "human interest" assignments and given a whole dramatic page for her field—a remarkable honor for such a young girl. Not long after this, Charlie wrote "Lulu Belle," which his friends proclaimed a surefire hit, if he could find a producer. And just about that time, something happened between these two.



Apeda

In a recent magazine story, Helen Hayes and MacArthur were pictured as falling in love before he was free. Did this cause the lawsuit?

They separated—and Charlie went to New York. His play was produced, and made a great success with Lenore Ulric in the title rôle. And it was rumored that Charlie had fallen in love with Helen Hayes, the wistful and lovely young star of "Caesar and Cleopatra." Presently, when his first wife obtained her divorce, he and Helen were married. In a year or so appeared the famous "Act-of-God" baby. The young MacArthurs were very happy. The movies called Charlie, after his success as co-author of "The Front Page" (based on his old newspaper days), and soon Helen followed him to the West Coast, and made a hit in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith." She is now returning, after a brilliant season on Broadway, to co-star with Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms."

What—after a lapse of four years—caused Carol Frink to decide to sue MacArthur's second wife? Perhaps this is not the answer—but it is an odd coincidence. The papers were served on Helen Hayes three weeks after the appearance of a highly romantic story about her in a magazine.

This story told, in sugared language, astonishingly unwise things for anyone to reveal. It admitted that she and Charlie fell madly in love while he was already married.



Charles MacArthur parted from Carol Frink just before fame came

For almost four years, it does not seem to have occurred to Carol Frink to sue Helen Hayes for alienating the affections of her husband. Then, a few days after the magazine with its amazingly injudicious disclosures appeared, the long-smoldering resentment of the Little Girl Reporter flared into flame! Incidentally, she also wants adjustment of MacArthur's alimony payments, which, she alleges, are not up to date.

HAS LINA BASQUETTE WON JACK DEMPSEY AWAY FROM HIS EX-WIFE?

Just When Rumor Has It That Jack And Estelle Taylor Are Romancing Again, Another Brunette Comes Into His Life—In San Francisco Jack Introduces Friend As "Miss Rosita [illegible]" But Lina's Mother Says "Rosita" Is Lina—Reported That She Will Dance In New Dempsey Night-Club

By LOUISE SYKES

IS the widow of Sam Warner, the ex-Mrs. Peverel Marley, née Lina Basquette, and alias Rosita Gonzales, about to become the next Mrs. Jack Dempsey? Did Jack steal the sweetheart of his one-time buddy and present bitter personal enemy, Teddy Hayes, when he met Lina for the first time recently? And did Lina steal Jack away from his ex-wife, Estelle Taylor?

Estelle shrugs her shoulders, rolls her dark eyes. "She's welcome to him if she wants him," says Estelle, not without heat. At one time, it is said, she and Lina Basquette were close friends.

Jack says that the beautiful brunette he was seen with in San Francisco soon after leaving Hollywood was a "Miss Rosita Gonzales of an Argentine family." But Lina's mama admits that "Rosita" is Lina, though Lina says that she was on a camping trip with her dog while she was supposed to have been in San Francisco. And now comes news that Lina is in Reno, seeing the town with Jack, and Jack is quoted as saying: "I like Lina a lot and I think she likes me, too."



Lina Basquette, screen actress and ex-wife of Peverel Marley, says, "I'm going to keep on getting married till I find the right husband"



Jack Dempsey: "I like Lina a lot, and I think she likes me, too"

"I'm going to keep on getting married till I find the right husband," Lina remarked recently. It *must* be lonely traveling about the country from tourist camp to tourist camp, as Lina claims she has been doing—even making a cross-country trip that way recently.

She was all alone, according to an eyewitness, the night she ventured into the newly-opened night-club at the Barbara Hotel (Jack Dempsey, proprietor). At a table in one corner sat Estelle Taylor with a gay party of friends. And at Estelle's table was Jack, who had left his own party the moment she entered the room. Gossip had Jack and Estelle going places together, and on the verge of remarriage.



Teddy Hayes (left), once Lina's escort and Dempsey's pal, is singing, "Somebody Stole My Gal"

To this table advanced Lina, who had recently been injured in a fall from a horse while making a picture. She stooped over Jack and murmured something in a low voice. Jack, in an equally low voice, answered her and Lina drifted away.

"She said she had Teddy Hayes with her and she had left him waiting in the hall to see if I'd let him in," said Jack, grimly. Teddy Hayes (for the benefit of those who don't remember their ring history) was once the Dempsey trainer, but when Jack broke with his former manager, Jack Kearns, Hayes sided with the latter and Dempsey and he have been bitter enemies since. "I told the two of them to clear out of here!" announced Jack.

However, he evidently softened so far as Lina was concerned, for at the end of the evening when she left for home, Jack Dempsey, himself, was her escort. Teddy Hayes was pictured as being royally peeved.

"The next Mrs. Dempsey will not be an actress," Jack remarked in San Francisco. "Not while she is in the profession," he added thoughtfully.

Since Reno rumors have it that Jack is about to open a big night-club there, with Lina Basquette as premiere danseuse, that doesn't sound as if he has matrimony in mind. Besides, she's rumored to be secretly wed to Teddy Hayes.



Did Dorothy Lee come between Robert Woolsey (top) and Bert Wheeler? It's a rumor

WHEELER AND WOOLSEY HAVE VERBAL BATTLE, AND COME TO PARTING OF THE WAYS

Bert Heads For Broadway, And Bob Prepares To Continue On Screen With New Partner—Woolsey Says They Parted With Words, But Not Blows; Blames Wheeler For Break-Up

By JACK GRANT

ROBERT WOOLSEY denies—emphatically—that any blows were struck when he parted company with Bert Wheeler, his teammate since "Rio Rita." Hollywood had the story that Bert had poked Bob in the eye. But, then, Hollywood can be wrong. It frequently is. Besides, Woolsey was there, and Hollywood wasn't.

The dissolution of the partnership of Wheeler and Woolsey occurred unexpectedly. The team had just finished "Hold 'Em, Jail" and their contract with RKO, where they had been for more than two years. They had been negotiating with Columbia for a series of comedies for that company when the news broke that Wheeler had returned to Broadway, leaving Woolsey in Hollywood. Their partnership was at an end. Besides the rumor of the fisticuffs, there was a rumor that they had quarreled about Dorothy Lee, the peppy ingénue of their pictures—and that she would be in Wheeler's New York production.

"It seems I was the last man in town to know about Bert's heading East," Woolsey says. "You can't guess who told me. The headwaiter at the Roosevelt Hotel. He heard the deal arranged between Bert, his agent, and an Eastern theatrical producer. The producer said that he had a part for Bert in a new musical show—a great part, one that would make him the most famous comic on Broadway. Imagine his giving up pictures to be famous on Broadway! I haven't anything against Broadway, except it's just one street. But that's the way Bert is. A great little guy, but a lousy business man. He's impetuous and can be easily sold. Bert has made over four hundred thousand dollars in pictures and hasn't a thing to show for it.

"Bert was a little hot-headed. He burned plenty when he was told that David Selznick, the new boss at RKO, asked when he first came on the lot which was Wheeler and which was Woolsey. They told him that Woolsey was the guy with the cigar, and Selznick is quoted as saying it really didn't make any difference, as he didn't think either of us was funny. There are a lot of people who don't think us funny. But our pictures made money.

"After hearing that remark attributed to Selznick, Bert refused to sign the new contract RKO offered us. It wasn't for as much money as we had been getting—but it wasn't anything to sneeze at. However, he was all for arranging a deal with Columbia on a profit-sharing basis. The papers were drawn. Then a fellow who had acted as agent for Bert back East popped up. After talking to him, Bert accused me of being hasty about the Columbia deal. And it was his idea in the first place!

"Later I found out that Bert had signed several stage contracts, so perhaps he picked the fight just to break the partnership. He didn't have to fight with me to do that. All he had to say was 'Let's quit.' Then we would still have been friends.

"We'll never team up again, that much I can tell you. Bert broke us up, and we'll stay busted—but I'm sorry the curtain had to be rung down on our act. The team of Wheeler and Woolsey was lucky and enjoyed a great run. I wish Bert all the luck in the world, wherever he is. Meanwhile, I'm teaming up with a new partner—another great little guy, named Harry Langdon."



On the screen, Bert Wheeler (left) and Robert Woolsey could wisecrack trouble away. But they couldn't laugh off their real-life differences. Guess who'll be Woolsey's new partner!



JOAN CRAWFORD

As someone has remarked—check and double-check! Garbo may wonder if she really ought to make another picture for only ten thousand dollars a week, but in the meantime the girl whom Hollywood regards as Greta's most dangerous rival is acting for all she's worth in "Rain." And who could be better in the rôle of the good-bad girl fought over by a marine and a minister?



Hurrell

CLARK GABLE AND NORMA SHEARER

In 1931, Gable had his first big break—as one of Norma's two lovers in "A Free Soul." That fiery rôle started him on his sky-rocket journey to stardom. A year passes, and along comes another great opportunity—again as a Shearer lover. This time, however, he is gentle and sensitive, and Norma is tragically sure that she loves him. For the picture is "Strange Interlude"



WILL ROGERS

Like the gangster bodyguard in "Scarface," Will is now cuttina out paper dolls. It's one way of showing you how business men keep busy these days. And he'll show you plenty more in "Down to Earth," which relates the depression adventures of the family you first met in "They Had to See Paris." You'll also see Will and his wit much in evidence during the Presidential campaign

Anita Keeps The Home Lights Burning



C S Bull



In the old days, when Anita Page went out with the boys, her little Irish cottage at Manhattan Beach was dark—for Mom and Dad went, too. But now she goes alone—so the lamp in the hall is kept lighted. And it has been burning so constantly of late that it's beginning to look like a romance between Anita and young Dr. Cyril Rice. Meanwhile, she's alight, herself, in "Skyscraper Souls"

Beauty In The Bath

(Hollywood Style)

Only in Hollywood would you see a bath equipped with a chaise longue, as above. It's part of the furniture in "Bachelor's Affairs," in which Joan Marsh makes Adolphe Menjou lift that expressive eyebrow of his even higher than usual. And at the right, you see how a Hollywood charmer looks with HER hair knotted up, all ready to sponge the far reaches behind the ears





Powolny

SALLY EILERS

Sally is keeping her lips tightly clamped these days. For one thing, she has been serious ever since she was injured in an auto accident, and her career seemed threatened. For another thing, she and Hoot Gibson reunited three days after Sally announced they had parted. But you'll soon see her in a laughing mood again —for she is to do "Hat-Check Girl" (and you know hat-check girls!)

Mae Clarke's Breakdown Will Not End Her Career

Twenty-one-year-old actress who collapsed after making eight pictures without any rest is now out of danger and on the road to recovery. And this is the girl who used to say nothing ever happened to her! She will soon be back—as a star this time!

MAE CLARKE has been very, very ill. She has had two nurses much of the time, specialists have been treating her, and her friends in Hollywood have been gravely concerned about her. But it is good news that Mae is getting better rapidly, and gave us this message for you — her first in many discouraged months.

"Anything I want to say," smiles Mae, "sounds too Pollyanna-ish for my type. But only one who has been sick a long time knows how wonderful it is just to be *alive*. I'm not worrying about anything— my work, my career, my future, or anything else. That will come later, I suppose. Just now I'm thrilled with little, ordinary things the air on my face when I go outdoors, the sunshine on my carpet. . . .

"I weighed ninety pounds when I finally gave up and admitted I was sick. I had made eight pictures, one after another—I loved my work and just didn't realize what it was taking out of me. Why, they're still releasing new pictures of mine! So far as the public goes, I haven't been away from the screen a day.

"Now I weigh a hundred and ten. The doctor won't let me go back to work till I weigh a hundred and twenty. I'd like to take a trip first—but I suppose I won't want to go any farther than Glendale when I come to the point of leaving Hollywood. Anyway, tell everybody 'Hello' for me. I'm coming back soon, and I hope they'll be glad to see me."

She is only twenty-one, and those years have been so crowded and so embattled that they have finally sent her to a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown. She has worked as few other movie actresses have worked, and she has loved and laughed and wept. Back on Broadway, after the strain of dancing twenty-four different exhibition dances an evening for weeks, she broke both ankles one night with just a light bound into the air. Before coming to Hollywood, she failed dismally and unnoticed; and she has succeeded almost as unspectacularly. She suffered her breakdown as a leading lady; when she recovers, Universal will make her a star. And a week before she broke down, she told me that she felt ill "all over," and added drearily, "*I* [illegible]



When Things Started Happening

FOR Mae honestly does think nothing has ever happened to her nothing exciting and interesting— not since August 16, 1910, when she was born in Philadelphia. Her parents moved to Atlantic City soon afterward, because her father's work took him there. He was pianist in a picture theatre, and Mae very early decided that she would be a pianist, too so she could see the shows. Always she had the acting urge. At three she dressed up in her mother's clothes and paraded on the lawn. At school she acted and danced, and at twelve she was the Queen in an Atlantic City pageant. And in between she fell off a roof and was rescued from the surf, and got lost and was found, and won a swimming championship. "But nothing exciting, you see," says Mae.

And seven years ago she leaned over the railing of the Atlantic City boardwalk, dropped some discouraged tears in the seething ocean below, and bitterly said something to this

(Continued on page 70)

BY LILLIAN SHIRLEY

Will JOHN GILBERT'S Fourth Wife be VIRGINIA BRUCE?

Is it just a publicity stunt—this engagement of the famous screen lover (three times divorced) and his new leading lady? They act "dead in earnest," and have even set the wedding date. Virginia says it is the first time she has been in love and—who knows?—it may be the first time John has, too!

WHEN they read that John Gilbert was engaged to Virginia Bruce, his leading lady in his new picture, the cynical smiled, "It's just another publicity gag—a good boost to the picture." Which makes John's answer to the newspaper woman who first asked about his engagement even more ironical.

The rumor that John's new romance was something more than the "week-end love" which Hollywood had called it came, surprisingly enough, from the most recent Mrs. Gilbert, in New York. Ina Claire, who recently offered her ex-husband the rôle of co-star in her new Broadway play, confided to a friend that John was engaged again. The friend wired to the newspaper woman, who accosted John at the Legion fights that same evening.

"Are you really engaged, Jack?" she asked.

He nodded at the slim, blonde girl on his arm. "Virginia and I are going to be married on the fifteenth of August," he said.

"But, Jack," the newspaper woman protested, "why didn't you tell me before?"

He looked at her somberly, yet with boyish humility. "I didn't know," said John Gilbert, "*that there was anybody in the world who would be interested.*"

And it looks very much as if Virginia Bruce (born Briggs) of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and later of Fargo, North Dakota, *will* become the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert on August 15, the date when Ina Claire's divorce from John becomes final.

It has been a whirlwind courtship—one of those love-at-first-meeting matches. They met on a Monday. They were engaged on the following Saturday. Within three weeks the whole world had the news.



John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce met on a Monday, and were engaged the next Saturday. Her *quietness* appealed to John

What Drew Them Together

I SAID to Virginia, "Just what is it, do you think, that drew you together?"

And this fair-haired, twenty-one-year-old girl said, simply, "We *fit.*"

I asked, "But what is it Jack seems to expect of you—what quality is he looking for?"

She said, "*Quietness.*"

And with those two answers, Virginia Bruce removed all doubt about this romance being the honest-to-goodness thing.

Before I talked with Virginia, I did doubt it. Like the rest of Hollywood, I felt that it was just another brief romantic interlude. I thought of her very young and, comparatively inexperienced life. Her quiet childhood in Fargo, North Dakota. Mother and Dad and one brother three years younger. Her dreams of becoming a nurse—or an artist. No dreams, ever, of Hollywood. I knew that she had come to Hollywood some three years ago. Her mother

By
FAITH
SERVICE

had hoped this for her, the movies . . .

An Uncle introduced her to William Beaudine, the director. There was a small part for her, her first, in Chevalier's "The Love Parade." Paramount put her under contract and there were other small parts, in "Young Eagles," in "Safety in Numbers," and others. There was the Paramount option that was not renewed. Then a rôle in the Cantor-Ziegfeld-Goldwyn picture, "Whoopee," discovery by Ziegfeld — and then New York. A show-girl part in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" and the title of "America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl." Then a Metro scout spied her and there came a Metro contract. Back to Hollywood she came — to parts in "Are You Listening?" "Sky Bride," "The Miracle Man," "Winner Take All," and then the John Gilbert picture, "Downstairs," which John wrote, himself.

Nothing very sensational has ever happened to Virginia. She has had no Great Loves in her life. She has never made startling successes or vast sums of money. She didn't even care about the movies. She said, "I tried for Mother Dad . . ."



Virginia Bruce, twenty-one and a former Ziegfeld beauty, couldn't believe it, herself, when John Gilbert proposed

Her Departed Rivals

AND then I thought of John. Of the stormy and emotional life he had lived, the dizzy ups, the thunderous downs. The vast sums of money he has had. The torrents of publicity. The adulation and the criticisms. The women . . .

I thought of Leatrice Joy and that whirlwind, passionate courtship and marriage. I thought of the way that love cooled, that marriage dissolved, leaving Leatrice hurt for many years afterwards. There had been a little girl born of that marriage—a child who looked like John.

I thought of the first Mrs. John Gilbert, the "extra" girl from Alabama, Virginia Burwell, who regretfully admitted they were not the same type -and who still calls herself by his name . . .

I thought of Garbo and the Great Love that seemed to be. I thought of John's face during the heavenly-hellish time of that fevered episode. It seemed impossible, then, that his love for Garbo could ever fade. Yet it did!

I thought of Ina Claire and of the sudden tempestuous

(*Continued on*



Whenever the unexpected happens, Marlene Dietrich can always depend on Rudolph Sieber, her director-husband, to rush over from Europe. Lately, he has been busy protecting Marlene and their little girl, Maria, from kidnap threats



When romance rumors started about Maurice Chevalier, he tried to squelch them alone. But Mrs. Chevalier had to rush over and finish the job

Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

Twice, Rudolph Sieber has arrived at her side in the nick of time —Chevalier's wife dashed over from Paris to save Maurice from gossip—and Miriam Hopkins could even depend on her estranged husband to be there when needed. It's a habit with Hollywood husbands, wives and ex's!

BY NANCY PRYOR

AT the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel," Marlene Dietrich, introducing her husband, Rudolph Sieber, to one of her friends, said, "It is too bad that every time my husband visits me he arrives just in time for *trouble!*"

She referred, of course, to her studio difficulties that were, at that time, occupying considerable space in the newspapers under the headlines: "*Dietrich and Von Sternberg Walk Out on Contracts. Star Refuses to Report for Work With Another Director. Paramount to Sue.*"

Herr Sieber's only other visit to Hollywood took place at the time the former Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was suing Marlene for alienation of the director's affections, basing her suit on an interview Marlene had allegedly given on her vacation abroad.

On the latter occasion, Herr Sieber, blond, young, smiling and affable, lent considerable strength to Marlene's side of the story by casually scoffing at the "alienation" charges. In time, the American public came to the conclusion that if Marlene's husband saw

(*Continued on page 72*)



JOEL McCREA

Joel is steering straight for stardom—one of the few local lad[s] who have sailed within hailing distance of those golden shor[es]. He has become RKO'S white-haired boy—and is set for a [series] of big outdoor adventure pictures. (No more tuxedo roles [for] Joel!) The first is "The Most Dangerous Game"—in which he [is] a sailor and has the luck to run up against a man-hunting mani[ac]



What's this—Sylvia dressed up? She has been a poor little poor girl for so long that it's sort of a surprise to see her as a poor little heiress in "Merrily We Go to Hell." But every little girl who climbs the stairway to stardom has to prove, some time, that she's a style-setter. Sylvia has just taken her first vacation. But if you'll be patient, you'll soon see her as "Madame Butterfly"

SYLVIA SIDNEY



Lippman

ANN DVORAK

That other girl's breach-of-promise suit against Ann's brand-new husband, Leslie Fenton, has been dropped. That's one reason why she's so elated. Another is that she's off to the same sort of start that Gable had. Playing characters you're not supposed to like, she's stealing pictures right and left—and the gates to stardom will soon be wide open. Soon after "Three on a Match



Fryer

"Well, this IS a pleasure!" smiles Gloria, meeting you for the first time. And you won't say any less when you meet Gloria, who gave up a radio career to be Warners' most promising newcomer. Maybe you'll spot her in minor rôles in "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins." When Joe E. Brown recovers from his recent operations, she will be his lady love in "You Said a Mouthful"

GLORIA SHEA

ANN HARDING told the truth when she sought her divorce!

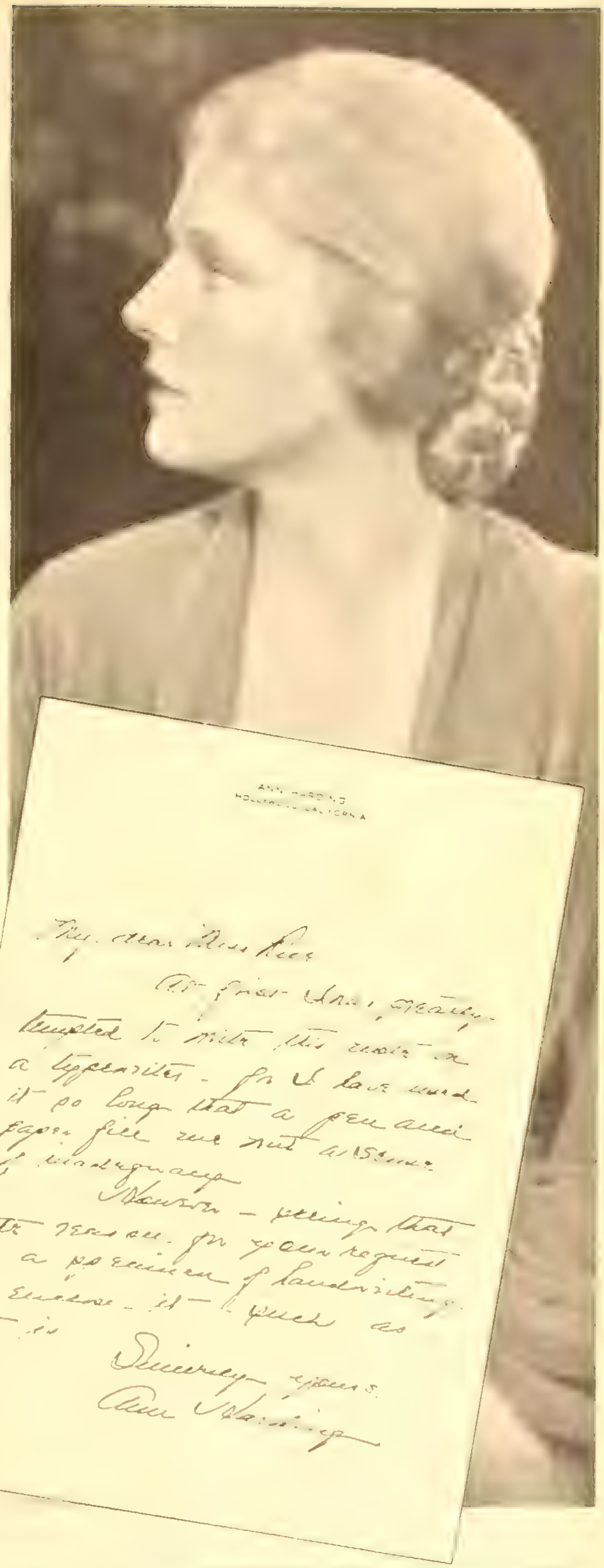
Maybe you didn't believe that Ann divorced Harry Bannister for love of HIM—but you'll have to believe it, after reading what her writing revealed to Louise Rice, who's famous for finding character secrets in handwriting!

By LOUISE RICE

DO you really believe that Ann Harding has divorced her husband Harry Bannister, for the reason that she gave in the newspapers—for *his* benefit? Frankly, I did not, until I had analyzed her handwriting. I thought that it was just one more publicity stunt that some enterprising press-agent had worked out. But now that I have read her character, I am firmly convinced that she could do a thing like that and mean it sincerely at the time she did it. I will try to prove this to you by explaining some of the unusual letter formations in her writing.

Ann Harding's handwriting might well baffle a person who had not examined a good many extraordinary specimens of script. This is partly because the writing is not wholly natural and frank at this time. The rightward angle of her handwriting was natural in the past, but it is beginning to change at present and will change more in the near future—although she may not be willing to admit this fact, or to take advantage of it. Her nature is really a sincere and simple one, which is far from over-sophistication, and I find in it an almost excessive sensitiveness.

(*Continued on page 75*)





ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Will He Follow in VALENTINO'S Footsteps?



Cary Grant says, "Please don't say I look like Valentino. I don't." But this dark young newcomer from England and Broadway is the lad who is being built up to play some of the old Valentino rôles. This tells you all about the new "mystery" hero!

By LYNN NORRIS

You first met Cary Grant in "This Is the Night" and as one of the two new "discoveries" in the Ticker Talk department of the June MOVIE CLASSIC. But you are going to see plenty of him from now on, and you'll want to know more about him. This gives you the whole story—to date.—Editor.

CARY GRANT, who may make talkie versions of some of Valentino's old silent hits, came to Hollywood for a vacation, without a serious thought of the picture business except to visit friends who were actors. As a result of a director's joke, he was given a test—and a contract. He has broad shoulders and stands six feet one inch in height. His love-life reads like a tale in your favorite confession magazine; it's the idealized story of what happens to every handsome young man with romantic ideas. He doesn't like to talk about it, himself.

For his first picture rôle he played Thelma Todd's husband in Paramount's super-musical, "This Is the Night." A little unsure of himself in the new medium—he comes from the stage—he says, himself, that he never saw so much ham, when they let him watch his first "rushes." But the preview audience sat up and took notice, for he played opposite the experienced Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles with surprising poise.

They say he's being groomed to take Buddy Rogers' place; he has much the same sort of boyish charm. He blushes fiery red when embarrassed, and clicks his heels together and salutes, when he leaves you—perhaps a holdover from his musical comedy days. There's a strong masculinity about him, too—that's why they compare him with Clark Gable. His face shows the same handsome virility.

How He's Like Valentino

THERE is a strong rumor that he will remake "Blood and Sand," playing Rudolph Valentino's old toreador part. His only similarity to Rudy is in the dreamy, flashing eyes, and the dark olive complexion. The fans have discovered him, already. A woman stopped Randolph Scott, another likely newcomer, on the street.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Buy
silk stockings
with the $3 you save

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.



This thrift dentifrice brings new brilliance to women's teeth

You probably have your favorite tooth paste. You think it is helping your teeth. And it undoubtedly is. But if you could expect even better results from a new type of tooth paste, wouldn't you be willing to try it? Especially if the trial would cost you only a quarter?

Many women with dull, lackluster teeth have written to thank us for Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it brings new luster, new brilliance, new beauty to teeth. And why not? Listerine Tooth Paste contains the most modern, gentlest type of polishing agents.

They say that it cleans teeth more thoroughly than any dentifrice they have ever used. That it gets rid of stubborn tartar, unsightly tobacco stains, and other discolorations with a speed that is amazing. They say, too, that Listerine Tooth Paste leaves the mouth with a feeling of freshness and invigoration not produced by any other tooth paste on the market. That seems reasonable; this tooth paste contains some of the very essences that make Listerine itself so delightful.

These are not our statements. They are the statements of women who have tried all sorts of brands, and finally settled on Listerine Tooth Paste as being the best value. Won't you try it? We are perfectly willing to stand or fall on your judgment.

25¢

Get a tube today at your druggist's. He, too, will tell you that the product is as good as the quality name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
recommend
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Screen stars keep the charm of Youth

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally *white* that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!

"I'm 20"



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW, favorite of the screen: "I have found the secret of a fresh and youthful complexion — regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

"I'm 30"



Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: "Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin."

"I'm over 40"



Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: "I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!"

Toilet Soap 10¢





Genevieve is looking for a man with the virility of Clark Gable (left) and the intelligence of Leslie Howard (right) —a combination hard to beat. And equally hard to find!



Freulich





The man Genevieve marries must also have the dignity of Clive Brook (left) and the sheer nerve of James Cagney (right). And she'd like him to be rich, if possible

Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

BY GLADYS HALL

WHY has Genevieve Tobin, twenty-eight, reddish-blonde, traveled and "dangerous," never married? The answer is easy. She said to me, "I must have a man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook and, if I may say so, the sheer nerve of James Cagney."

And *that's* why she has never married.

If such a peerless paragon does exist, let him now step forward and claim Miss Tobin as his bride.

But I doubt it. Especially as she also stipulates that the Lucky Man must have more than a little money. He must be successful. That is definite. His check-book, in other words, must have that Park Avenue air.

She has been engaged three times. And each one of those times, when the engagement ring was slipped onto her finger, she felt faint and nauseated. There was something imprisoning about it. She could not go through with it. And she didn't!

She will never marry an actor. That, too, is a positive statement. The sight of greasepaint on a man's face debars him as her husband and the father of her children. She wants at least two. Children, I mean, not fathers for them.

She means, when she marries, to retire from the screen. She says, truly, that she has been rather a well-known actress. She would insist upon being married to a man of equal, if not greater, fame and distinction. She does not demand that he win his fame in the same line.

Money Won't Be Enough

NOR is money alone enough. One of her three engagements was to a Rich Man's Son. Very rich. Genevieve could have dwelt in marble halls and pulled orchids out of the home meadows. But this rich man's poor son could do nothing. He had no interests—except Genevieve. He didn't know *how* to do anything. And so he was tabu.

It isn't only money that Genevieve wants, you see. It is the power that, in its stride, gets money, too.

Nor will the particular Miss Tobin consider a doctor. Medical profession, please abandon hope! One of her best friends is married to a doctor and the life is one of haphazard meals, broken sleep, and uncertain hours. A lawyer—yes.

If ever she should, by some emotional fluke, fall in love with an actor, he would have to be more famous than she is, herself, and making considerably more money. Genevieve, could not bear to Look Down upon her necessarily Better Half.

"And with all this talk," she said to me, "I'll probably marry a chorus man!"

She takes marriage very seriously. Brought up in a

(*Continued on page 81*)

Radically new

greatest advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Redesigned to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting your dress is



AT LAST! A radically-new design in sanitary protection. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns.

And for those who require extra protection, Super Phantom Kotex is perfect. Despite the extra protective surface, ends are so skilfully flattened and tapered as to be completely inconspicuous.

Kotex features retained

Kotex is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily. More than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.*



To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy [illegible]

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2146
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed .....

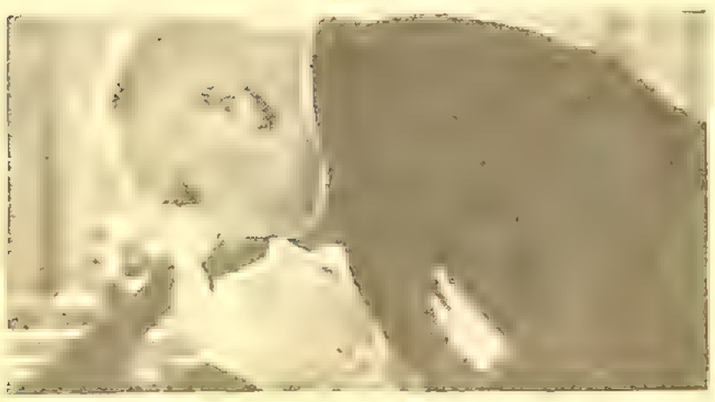
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TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



AS YOU DESIRE ME

You won't hear any *pro* and *con* argument about Garbo in her newest—and perhaps last—picture. It is by no means her best picture, but Garbo, herself, is at her best. She's even a bit daring, what with standing in a doorway in negligee and being a bit "lit up," as well as a platinum blonde, in the early part of the picture. The plot is confusing—intentionally so. She is a woman who either doesn't remember her past, or doesn't want to—and then she is told she is the long-lost wife of Melvyn Douglas. She looks like the vanished girl and she tries to be, she tells him, "as you desire me." In the end, you're left wondering whether she is his wife or not. Garbo is always at her ease, is less tragic than usual, and smiles often. Douglas has a stiff rôle. Erich von Stroheim is so convincingly villainous you wish lightning would strike him. Owen Moore, as an old friend, is as smooth as Jimmy Walker.



THE DARK HORSE

"The Dark Horse" not only beat all the other election comedies *to* the box office, but I suspect that it will beat all the others *at* the box office. It's clever and amusing from start to finish, in acting, story and lines. There isn't a weak cog in it. A deadlocked political convention nominates an unknown "dark horse" (Guy Kibbee) for governor, and he turns out to be so honest and so smilingly dumb that the bosses have no hopes of electing him—until Warren William gets out of alimony jail and becomes his campaign manager. William, a high-pressure promoter, plays up the candidate's dumb honesty and ballyhoos him into office. It's easy to kid the voters, he finds. But it's not so easy to kid his cute ex-wife (Vivienne Osborne), who almost wrecks both his campaign plans and his romance with his chipper secretary (Bette Davis). Warren William clicks again. It seems to be a habit of his.



THE DOOMED BATTALION

Imagine being fascinated by a war picture at this late date! Maybe there's something wrong with my nervous system—but that's what happened to me (unexpectedly) when I looked over "The Doomed Battalion." It isn't gruesome; and it does have suspense and some breath-taking photography. The setting is not Flanders mud, but Alpine snow—and the conflict you see is that between the Austrians and Italians. The hero, a private, is stationed high on Collalto, only four miles from his native village, which is occupied by the enemy. One of the enemy is his best friend, who must give the order to dynamite the Austrians from the mountain peak. That's where the suspense comes in. The hero is rugged Luis Trenker, a new face to Americans. He also wrote the story, and directed the dramatic snow scenes. Tala Birell, who looks too sensitive to be a peasant, makes her début as his wife.



BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Here's a jungle thriller without any last-minute rescues or romance, and with precious few humans in the cast! It makes "Trader Horn" look like a Boy Scout expedition. It's the story of the man with the most unusual and perhaps the most dangerous job in the world—Frank Buck. He looks a bit like Warner Baxter and his job is to get the world's most dangerous animals for zoos. He told you how he does it, in a book of the same name; now he illustrates his story. The scene is the Sumatra jungle; the cast are the villains and comedians of the jungle—the black leopards and panthers and pythons, and the honey bears and fuzzy apes. The big climax of the picture is a fight between a python and a panther, after which Buck catches both of them. (Picture yourself playing around with either of them!) You'll wonder where the camera was, when some of the scenes were filmed.



IS MY FACE RED?

Doing a quick right-about-face from his rôle of the sensitive hero of "The Symphony of Six Million," Ricardo Cortez now plays a brassy columnist in a satire that rings the bell. It's a lusty, witty sock at the newspaper men of Broadway who have become male gossipers—and it's funny even when it's melodramatic. Cortez conducts a column called "The Keyhole to the City," and doesn't care how he gets his gossip, so long as he gets it; he modestly says that he's "the guy who made Broadway famous." He throws over his old sweetheart (Helen Twelvetrees) for a Park Avenue flirt (Jill Esmond), who later tells him, "You amused me—like going to the flea circus." He reveals a murder before the body is found, and gets shot for his trouble. But I predict that Cortez will make you like him. Zasu Pitts, as a weary telephone operator, and Arline Judge, as his secretary, almost steal the picture.



MERRILY WE GO TO HELL

It seems that there were two novels—one called "Merrily We Go to Hell" and the other, "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan." They have taken the title of one and the plot of the other, and the result is more or less a waste of time for Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney. The title refers to a toast that Freddie, who plays a reporter, has a habit of drinking. And how he does imbibe! All because a blonde actress (a pretty English newcomer named Adrianne Allen) has shattered his ideals. But he gets himself married to an heiress (Sylvia), who reforms him and makes him write a play that's a hit. And then (you guessed it) the actress comes back into his life and wrecks it again. But then (you guessed it again) Sylvia is about to hover over a bassinet—and our hero comes marching (no pun intended) home again. The acting is 'way above the story. Amusing in spots.

THIS HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST CONVINCED THE SCIENTISTS . . . IT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU



612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap on other side . . . for 30 days. Contrast astonishing!

By **DR.** (_____)
(Nationally kn[illegible])

"The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts:—

"For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods . . . soaps, creams, lotions—whatever they liked . . . The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"At the end of 30 days, the contrast on those faces was startling! Not only through the microscope or magnifying glass, but to the naked eye. The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury's, was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

"The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist. If I were a woman I couldn't ask for better *proof* of what to use to keep my skin nice, or to make it clearer and finer.

"Any woman, seeing the right and left sides of my patients' faces after the 30-day Half-face Test, would quickly forget that old myth you hear so often . . . 'I can't use soap on my face' . . . and quickly abandon the idea that one must pay a fabulous price for beauty aids."

. . .

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's for the extra tonic effect it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Woodbury's is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Numerous foreign countries, including many remote spots in the Orient, are combed to procure its costly ingredients. The fine, rare oils in Woodbury's are not to be found in mere toilet soaps.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days . . . perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvety soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Then try Woodbury's Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself, if you wish . . . but 612 women have already done it for you. Profit by their experience and begin at once to use Woodbury's on your skin. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters (25¢). Or mail coupon for sample.



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra . . . WABC and Columbia Network.

Von Horn

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COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 920 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackhead
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp

Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp

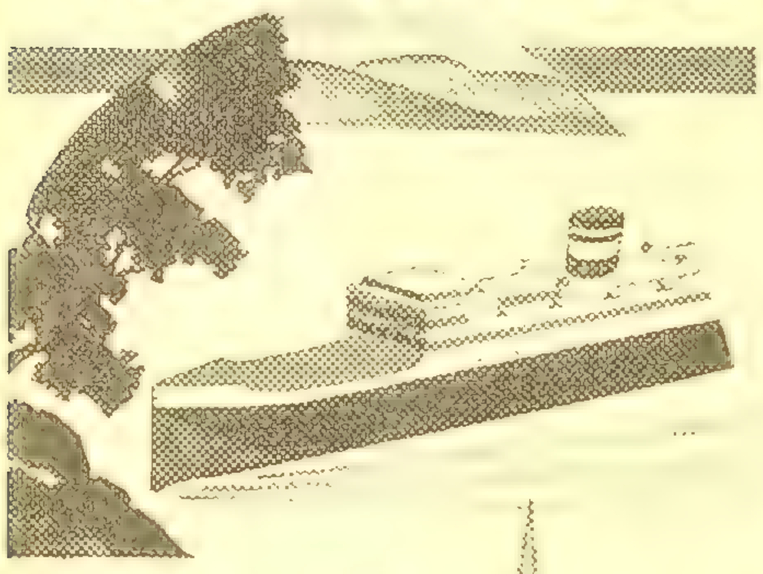
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FURNESS

Cruises to the

NORTH



12 DAYS

$100 UP

Including All Expenses



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NOVA SCOTIA

ST. PIERRE

NEWFOUNDLAND

SAIL North on a typical Furness cruise with the right people, the right atmosphere, the right ports at the RIGHT PRICE. 8 glorious days at sea with deck sports, moonlight dances, gala dinners and a jolly crowd. 2 days at Halifax with time to see Evangeline's village Grand Pre. 2 more days at St. John's in rugged, kindly Newfoundland—plus an exciting call at St. Pierre Miquelon, as French as a bit of Brittany itself. Exploring, fishing, sightseeing or golf on Northern wooded courses. Ship is your hotel throughout. Sailings every Saturday on the famous "Nerissa" and "Fort St. George."

FURNESS

Red Cross Line

34 Whitehall St. (*where Broadway begins*) or
565 Fifth Ave., New York *or any Authorized Agent*

Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932

(*Continued from page 21*)

Devil." Hailed as "new great love team." Picture breaking records everywhere.

January 14, 1927—After arrest for exceeding speed limit on Wilshire Boulevard by ten miles, star fails to appear in court and forfeits bail.

February 10, 1927—In row with M-G-M over new contract. Wants still more money, it is reported. Is quoted as telling studio officials, "I tank I go home now."

February 12, 1927—Draws praise from Prince William of Sweden for artistry.

May 29, 1927—Signs five-year contract with M-G-M at reported salary of $7,500 a week. Troubles with M-G-M, which Garbo had fought by simple expedient of staying at home and saying nothing, said to be all settled. Hollywood amazed at size of her salary, and amused by her victory.

August, 1927—Story in screen magazine tells inside story of her quiet battle with studio. Titled, "They Learned about Women from Her."

November, 1927—Continues co-starring career with John Gilbert in "Love."

January 8, 1928—Reporter discovers Swedish siren living in conservative Santa Monica hotel. Says she likes to walk by the sea, and to be alone. Thinks she does not speak good English, but manages pretty well.

January, 1928—Refuses interview with well-known newspaper woman. Rumor that Garbo has gone temperamental, and will give no more interviews to anyone. Another rumor that John Gilbert has told her, "Silence Is Golden."

January, 1928—Is hailed in title rôle of "The Divine Woman," the story of Sarah Bernhardt, with Lars Hanson as leading man. Romance with Hanson rumored.

April, 1928—Avalanche of magazine publicity begins in earnest with three-part life story of Garbo.

April 1, 1928—Director Victor Seastrom gives Garbo a clean bill of health, so far as temperament is concerned. Says she is always genial, pleasant and willing to cooperate.

June, 1928—Writing "an estimate" of her in *Vanity Fair* Jim Tully remarks: "Miss Garbo typifies the languor of passion. She is the only woman in the world who has capitalized anaemia. When she glides or 'slouches' through a scene, with mouth partly open, and eyelids drooping, it registers as exotic passion. Her mouth may droop because she is too tired to hold it shut . . . her eyes, because she has not the energy to hold them open."

August, 1928—Appears in "The Mysterious Lady," with still another leading man, Conrad Nagel. Being married, he is safe from Garbo romance rumors.

August, 1928—Gilbert and Garbo still constant companions. Romance at fever heat, say some. Stories of elopement denied.

November 12, 1928—Director Mauritz Stiller, who has been described as playing *Svengali* to Garbo's *Trilby*, dies abroad. Garbo heart-broken as she hears news on set. Rumor that she is mentioned in his will.

December, 1928—Garbo and Gilbert resume screen association in "A Woman of Affairs."

December 8, 1928—Sails from New York for vacation in homeland. Denies any trouble with studio.

December 25, 1928—Spends Christmas in Stockholm with her family. Countrymen disappointed at Garbo's quiet entry into city, and avoidance of all public honors and interviews. Some resentment reported. Rumor of a romance between screen star and Prince Sigvard, second son of the Crown Prince.

March, 1929—Betrothal of Prince Sigvard to Princess of Holland reported. Berlin papers hint that match was arranged to stop Garbo rumors.

March 19, 1929—Arrives in New York from holiday abroad. Refuses to comment on rumors of romance with Wilhelm Soerensen, Swedish financier's son and friend of Prince Sigvard.

March 24, 1929—Immediately telephones John Gilbert on arrival in Hollywood. Also reported to have called him from New York.

April, 1929—Standing room only at opening of "Wild Orchids," in which Garbo's leading man is Nils Asther. He is seen as big Gilbert rival.

May 11, 1929—John Gilbert and Ina Claire elope. What about Garbo? Gilbert refuses to comment on broken romance. Enterprising reporter charters airplane and flies over to Catalina Island, where Garbo is on location. Shows newspaper stories of Gilbert elopement to her; she reads them eagerly, says she wishes John every happiness, and walks away.

June, 1929—Takes secluded house in Santa Monica, to escape unwelcome publicity brought on by Gilbert's marriage.

July, 1929—Garbo appears in second picture with Asther—"A Single Standard." Their love scenes convincing.

November, 1929—New Garbo picture, "The Kiss," released, with Conrad Nagel and Lew Ayres, young newcomer, as leading men. This will be her last silent picture. Hollywood wonders if Garbo can speak English well enough for talkies. Rumor that she will soon return to Sweden.

December, 1929—"Greta Garbo's Girlhood in Sweden"—heading of magazine story telling how a pale and gawky schoolgirl wanted to forget that she was Greta Gustafsson, and how a salesgirl in a Swedish millinery shop became a famous screen star.

January, 1930—"Garbo—the World's Best Known Vamp" is title of new magazine story.

January 26, 1930—Acclaimed for "Anna Christie." Billed all over the world with big letters, "Garbo TALKS!" Screen leadership still hers, despite talkies. Has deep voice, much to critics' surprise.

April, 1930—"Greta—Jack—Victor—Vanquished"—title of magazine story about Garbo and Gilbert. Thousands of reels of film have unwound since they co-starred. They will be remembered as greatest love team of silents. What will be their fate in talkies?

June, 1930—"Garbo and Lon Chaney Likened"—headline in magazine. They both hate jewelry, they dodge limelight, they are mystery twins.

July, 1930—Magazine writer reveals "How to Behave Like Greta Garbo." You will say, "Go away, I want to be alone," you will like rain and misty seas.

August, 1930—Her second talkie, "Romance," released. Leading man is Gavin Gordon, young Southerner, whom she is credited with "discovering." Actor tells interviewers he is hopelessly in love with her.

November, 1930—"Which Is the Real Garbo?" asks a magazine. Is she timid, plain and lonely, or a goddess of grace, courage, subtle beauty?

December 1, 1930—Taking sun-bath in garden of Santa Monica home, Greta Garbo is suddenly surprised to hear voice say, "Oh, Miss Garbo, will you kindly look this way?" Startled by voice, she springs up and runs. Camera clicks, and unknown intruder flees.

December 3, 1930—Studio making every effort to obtain negative of picture taken of Garbo in sun-bath.

(*Continued on page 78*)

RUNS



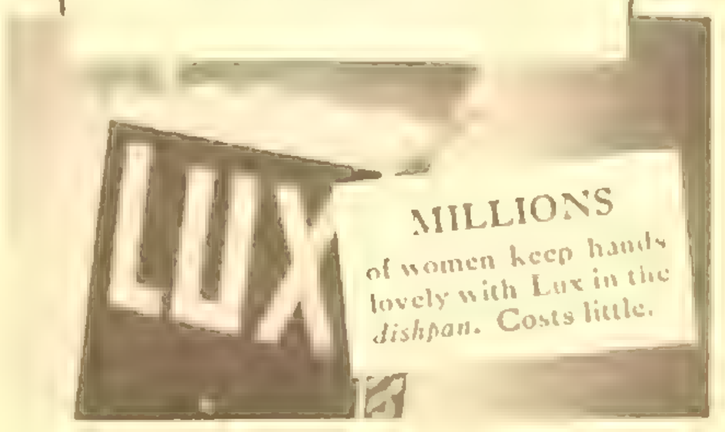
The Lux Way to save the **ELASTICITY** *that makes stocks wear and fit*

Wash this 2-minute way:

1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Why blame stockings when YOU *may be at fault?*

"ANOTHER PAIR GONE!"—natural to blame the stockings. But *you* may have caused those expensive runs!

When your stockings are new, they are *elastic.* They give instead of breaking under strain. Stretch and spring right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they *break.* At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or fastening your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

SO WHY take chances? Lux is especially made to *preserve* elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new. That's why it offers you the sure way to make your stockings *wear*—make them keep their perfect, flattering *fit.*

LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



Makes Eyes Look and Feel Just Fine!

Think of *Murine* the very next time that exposure to sun, wind and dust inflames your eyes and makes them look simply awful. This world-famous lotion will relieve the burning, bloodshot condition in short order and leave your eyes enchantingly clear and bright!

Murine is utterly free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. Noted stage and screen stars use it daily to keep their eyes *always* clear and sparkling. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and dept. stores.



MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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X-Bazin is the safe and simple way to remove unwanted hair. Cream or powder of the highest quality . . . kind to the skin . . . discourages re-growth of hair.

Get genuine X-Bazin. Large size, 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

Hall & Ruckel, Inc., Bklyn., N.Y., *Established 1848*

Gable Denies Divorce Rumors

(*Continued from page 15*)

"I know, of course, that this fan favor I've found *is* sincere. It couldn't be anything else. But I know, too, that it is just—a break. Oh yes, it is! There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better-looking. I just happened to have *something*—I don't know what it is, and neither do you—but it was something that by some fluke happened to click. That's all. It was just one of those things—it might have happened to anyone. It happened to happen to me.

"Fan favor is built, too, block by block, if you are versatile in the rôles you play. I mean, you can figure it out, how it happens, how it increases and everything. It's built, block by block, piece by piece, like adding one piece of a picture puzzle to another.

"I mean, I play a part, let us say, like I played in 'A Free Soul.' That sort of man happens to appeal to or interest a certain group, or groups of people. *They* become fans. Then I play a part like I played in, for instance, 'Hell Divers.' That type of man appeals to other groups of people—in this case mostly the kids, I figure. And *they* become fans. You haven't lost your first group because they are still at least curious enough to see what you are going to do next. You haven't lost them—you have added others. And so it goes.

How He Figures His Success

"THE thing is, never to be typed, never to stick to one sort of character, never to play too long on one string. Because a certain type appeals mostly only to certain types of people and when you have exhausted them, you are done.

"I have played a gangster, a minister, an aviator, a doctor (in 'Strange Interlude') and I'm going to play another adventurous and colorful part in 'China Seas.' I've been able to keep on building. So long as a man is able to build, he is able to progress. It's the same in any business. To keep on having new 'customers,' you must keep on increasing your stock, varying it, meeting new demands.

"I know that the popularity I have now must go. No question about that. It never has lasted for anyone—why should it last for me? But I may be able to vary that popularity.

"No, the stories that have been written about me, the talk, the gossip—none of this has changed me.

"I seldom read the things that are written about me any more. I used to. At times, I was annoyed. At other times, amused. They still amuse Mrs. Gable. She doesn't take them too seriously. She has a healthy sense of humor. She gets a kick out of it all. She knows that the kind of things written and said are a part of the game. She knows *me*. She knows she has nothing to worry about—"

"But," I broke in, "there must be other menaces besides the things that are written and the things that are said. What about the jittering fools of women who must try to attract your attention—"

"They *are* fools, you say?" Clark smiled.

"Well, they're not exactly sensible, are they?" I parried.

"Exactly—and wouldn't *I* be the king prize fool of them all if I let them affect me?"

"Of course. But being human . . ."

"Oh, human, yes. Like plenty of other men, I suppose, I've had my wobbly moments. Times when I've half-thought, 'Gosh, if I weren't married, I could do this—or that—or some other thing—' Then I've stopped and asked myself just exactly what I *would* do that I'm not doing right now. And I don't know. I can't answer. I can't think of anything. Then I stop and think, 'Well, which is more important to you—what you have—or what you may, just possibly, not have?' And the answer is simple, easy and immediate. *What I have is the important thing to me.* The only really important thing.

"And, after all, you know, my family has as much right to these things that have come to us as I have. I had my family before I had all this. They went through those other times with me, too, you know. Mrs. Gable doesn't have to thank me for sticking around, you know. If anything, she deserves credit for sticking around with *me*—"

There I agreed, rather. "It must be rather rough on her in some ways," I said. "Women find it easy to be jealous, you know, whether there is any specific cause or not. You might have married some silly, hysterical little person—"

"I know," Clark said. He added, "I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and the good luck—to marry the woman I did."

There is another very sound reason why Clark has not changed since the spotlight of Fame concentrated its fieriest rays on him. *He remembers the lean days.*

Some Things He Can't Forget

HE said, "I've been hungry—and I remember what it feels like to be hungry. I was unwanted and I remember the humiliation of closed doors and averted faces. I not only remember these things—they live with me. They are as much a part of the present as they were a part of the past. I know that a man who has been hungry once can be hungry again. I know that those of us who rise up can also fall down. I am not only what I am *now*, you know; I am also what I was *then*——"

I asked him if he had the same friends as he used to have, in those lean days.

He said, "No. I'm sorry to say that I haven't. It is not my fault. That is, it is not by my desire. I suppose it is, in a way, my fault. Somehow, my old friends, with one or two exceptions, won't come around as they used to. They seem to feel something—I don't know what it is—some strange self-consciousness or embarrassment or something. I invite them to go places with me; invite them to have dinner with us. Sometimes they accept—but very often they don't show up. It's one of the changes that have been forced on me—and I dislike it intensely.

"I don't believe there have been any other changes. I suppose I like money and the things that money can do better than I thought I would a year ago. I've found what pleasant things it can do for other people. It's fun having it."

And that is a change, too. Because just one year ago he said to me (again I quote his exact words): "I don't want money. Not a great deal of it. I don't want *things*. I'm not that type of person at all. I wouldn't be happy living as some of the stars out here live. I don't care anything about luxuries and servants and swimming pools and big parties. I wouldn't fit. I couldn't handle them. It's important to me to be happy—in my own way."

Clark has changed only as any sensitive, developing human being would change. He has learned to fit—in little ways. He has learned to want things—more for those dear to him than for himself. Essentially and in all fundamental ways he is the same as he was a year ago. If his head is now among the stars, his wise eyes detect the tinsel from the gold. I *believe* him—don't you?



Summer!

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look always lovely



BY PATRICIA GORDON

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .



"Summer-Proof" Make-up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.



For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, use Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for two weeks' use—to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Face Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging set in its unusual box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.



Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful—all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly.*

get this Week End Set—SPECIAL

The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Cont[illegible] Princess Pat Rouge, Lip [illegible] in liberal a[illegible] new booklet o[illegible]

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago, Dept. A-2088. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set

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See! How easy to REMOVE HAIR this new way

NO RAZOR RISK



"Now—I can stand the Public Gaze! Can you?"

Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Delatone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes — ask for and insist on having

DELATONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes, 50c and $1. Delatone Powder, $1 jars only. Nul Deodorant, 35c. At drug and department stores, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, (Est. 1908) Dept. 78, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept. 682-K CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Will He Follow in Valentino's Footsteps?

(*Continued from page 52*)

She wasn't, however, interested in Randolph. "I want to find out about a young man who has just signed with your studio!" she said. She meant Cary Grant!

He was born in Bristol, England, but he speaks without a British accent. A grandfather was Percival Leach, the English actor, and Cary Grant happens to be his real name. Cary decided to follow his grandfather's example at the age of twelve, when he solemnly offered a new idea in theatrical lighting effects to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol. They let the boy operate the lights for a day, and this first contact with show people strengthened his determination to be an actor.

He didn't wait very long. Soon afterward, he ran away from home and joined a traveling acrobatic troupe. They did eccentric dancing, stilt acts, and a clown routine, and Cary stayed with them for four weeks. Then his father appeared on the scene and dragged him off back to school.

Ran Away a Second Time

AFTER all, he was only twelve, and this setback failed to stifle his ambition. For the next few years he followed the movements of the troupe of comedians, planning to join them again. He confided in the little daughter of a well-to-do neighbor, and when she heard his dreams of becoming a great stage star, she was understanding enough not to laugh. She encouraged him.

She helped him prepare for his second flight from home, and this time the father let his son's decision stand. For a year Cary toured England with the same company of actors, and then they came to New York and played at the Hippodrome. Katherine, the little home-town girl, passed out of his life, but Cary still has fond memories of her.

For the next few years the boy played in stock companies in England and America, gaining invaluable experience as an actor and spending his money on singing teachers, to develop his splendid baritone voice. It was on a boat trip to the United States that he met Ruth, the beautiful daughter of a Middle Western business man.

They met as young people do on board ship, and fell madly in love with each other. The moonlight on the upper deck had something to do with it, of course, as all of you who have made an ocean journey will know. When the boat landed, each went his own way and never saw the other again.

The Girl Who Helped Him Most

ONE of the darkest moments in Cary's life was when he found himself, stranded, in a small town in the East. The show he had been with closed. It was a girl, Ethel, who stayed at the same hotel and worked in a company at a nearby theatre, who helped Cary over the rough spot. Her act broke up, too, and they went back to New York to storm the booking offices.

Their struggle to find work brought them close together. They took long walks in Central Park and talked over their prospects. Neither of them had any money, but that didn't stop them from dreaming. They fell in love—their conversation turned from shop-talk to romancing about an ivy-covered cottage in the country. Ethel stood by Cary during that trying time, and now he says, "I hope she reads this. I want her to know how much her help meant to me."

Finally they both found work and started on the upward path. Arthur Hammerstein became interested in Cary and put him to work in a musical, "Golden Dawn." Ethel was working, too, and their careers separated them. Gradually they put aside their dreams of the future. The present was here—demanding their every minute!

Cary's voice won him the juvenile rôle in "Polly," another musical comedy, and after that he was signed with the Shuberts. He played opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom-Boom," and went with the company to Chicago. Then came the lead in "Wonderful Night," and the Broadway critics began writing raves about his voice.

Park Avenue Not for Him

WITH success came various sorts of acclaim. At a supper club he was introduced to Adele, the daughter of one of New York's most prominent families, socially, and a member of the fast younger set of the city. The brilliance of the musical comedy footlights attracted her, and she asked Cary to parties that would have turned the head of a less steady young man.

Cary, however, realized that "society" was out of his line and it was natural that he should have had a "misunderstanding" with Adele—so they parted.

His next Broadway success came with the musical, "The Street Singer," in which Cary played opposite the New York favorite, Queenie Smith. For the summer he took a cottage at Freeport, Long Island. One of the crowd who came to visit him week-ends was Ann, a quiet, well-bred girl and a good sport. With her he stole away from the crowd and went on merry-go-rounds, like a couple of kids. They swam, talked, and played together. Ann, more than any girl he has known, fulfills Cary's ideal of what a sweetheart should be.

"She must be, first of all, a good sport. Willing to ride in a Ford or a Rolls-Royce. As happy at a hot dog stand as in the best restaurant in town."

Ann was this kind of girl. They may marry—later—if they're both of the same frame of mind. Just now Cary's too busy learning how to act before the camera.

"Discovered" by Accident

WITH the close of "Nikki," in which he played with two Hollywood celebrities, Fay Wray and Kent Douglass, Cary set out on a tramp automobile trip to Hollywood. Just for fun. To visit a few friends out here, and return after a two-week visit to play another engagement in New York.

One of the friends, however, was Marion Gering, the director. One day at the studio while testing a girl for a part, Gering asked Cary to stand in with her. Not seriously. Just to help her out—to throw back the cues to her.

When the authorities saw the test, they lost no time in putting Cary's signature to a contract. Without delay, he was assigned to an important rôle in "This Is the Night."

He finds Hollywood rather quiet after the hurry of New York. He has taken an apartment in Westwood, a suburb a few miles outside of the film colony. He doesn't want to be compared with anyone—though they're likening him to every handsome lead in the business, including the late beloved Valentino. "Please don't say I look like Valentino. I don't."

He's having a hard time learning the new technique demanded by the camera. "I'm always off-balance when they start shooting a scene. It takes a few seconds before I can get hold of myself."

Officials at the studio consider he's doing remarkably well, for a newcomer, and perhaps you noticed his efforts, yourself, in "Sinners in the Sun." (He was the tall, handsome, but unsuccessful wealthy suitor.) And perhaps you'll see him in the Valentino picture. Keep your eye on him!

Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 8)

public applauds good acting and consequently those who create a stir from the audience are rewarded.

Why then, does Lionel Barrymore remain only a featured player? Why does his name usually appear *last* and often in *small* type with stars of less ability? He has consistently given his public acting that *is* acting. With Marie Dressler he won the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best acting in 1931. She has justly been promoted to stardom. So have Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery and many others. Lionel Barrymore's characterization in "Grand Hotel" was unique, yet his name appears *last* in that noble cast. His performances always receive honorable mention.

Perhaps this isn't important to Mr. Barrymore. But it would please his grateful public to see his name given adequate billing and publicity. G. C. H.

Why A Minister's Rôle for Gable?

CLARK GABLE—a minister, the mere thought of it knocks me senseless. I wonder what the director was thinking of when he cast Gable as a minister in "Polly of the Circus."

The only actor that could ever match his abilities with those of the late Valentino Clark Gable—the he-man lover, the caveman type that grabs his woman by the roots of her hair till she pleads for mercy, and how most of the girls would thrill being enfolded thusly by Gable. Yes, glamourous Gable, and still some director went right along and gave him the part of a minister.

I do not claim that a minister cannot be a he-man, or that he is not entitled to his share of love but do you ever think of a minister when you speak of great lovers, such as Gable?

Let's do right by Clark Gable, give him the rôle that he so well portrays, that of the rough and ready, irresistible lover, that of a man's man, as well as a woman's man.

E. Wm. Primavera, Providence, R. I.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 19*)

a little hot under the collar. Which makes a great many people believe that Jack is a very good actor, indeed.

When Lina came back to Hollywood after an extended sojourn in the east, she was unofficially engaged to Teddy Hayes, so the story goes. Hayes and Dempsey haven't been friends ever since the time Jack broke off relations with his former manager, Jack Kearns. Hayes strung with Kearns in the break-up.

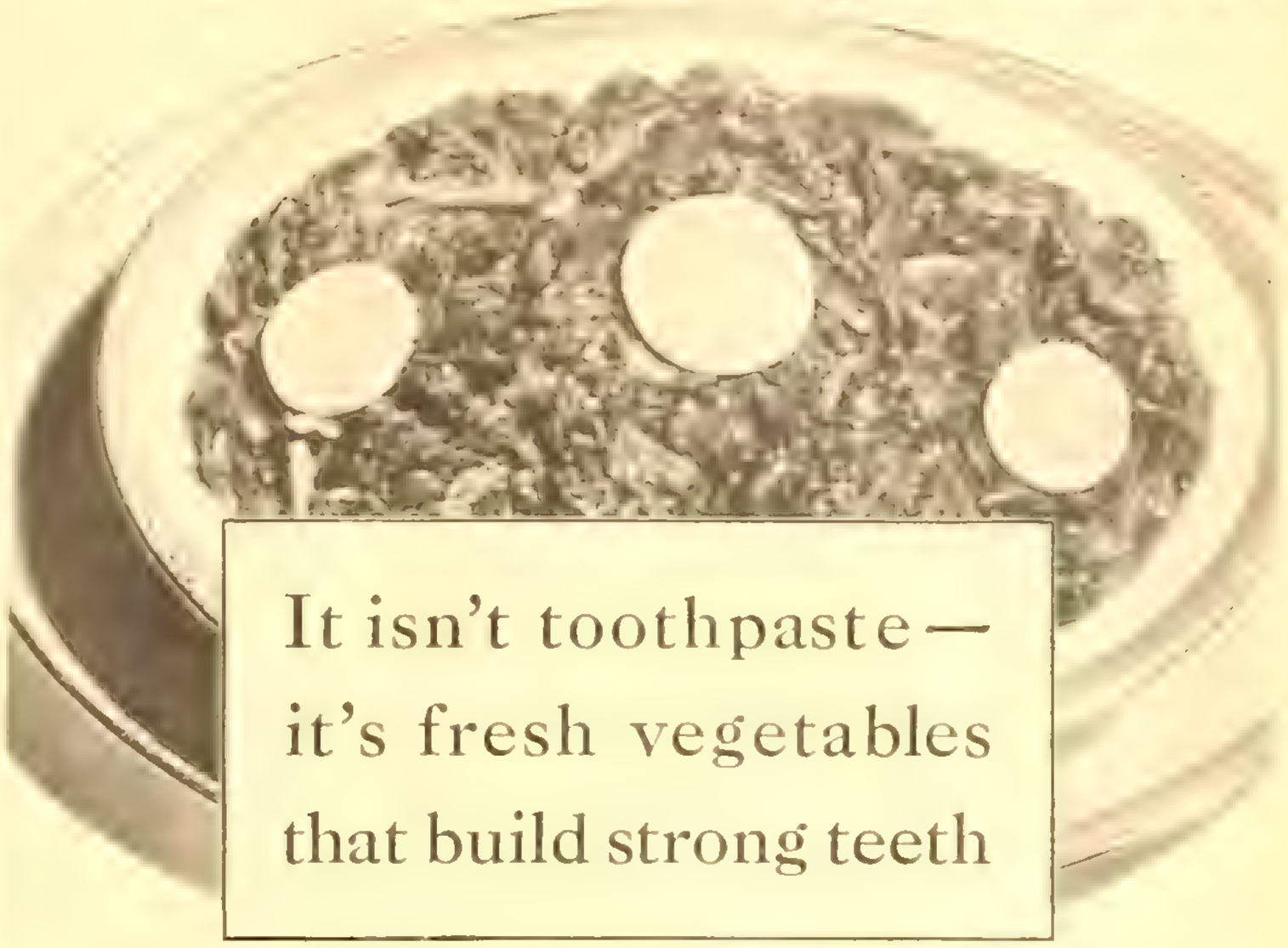
Jack and Lina are supposed to have met at a party given by Jack at the opening of his hotel. Teddy says he hasn't seen "his girl" since. Lina says nothing. Jack says: "I wouldn't take anything from Hayes . . . least of all a girl!"

But the gossips insist it was none other than dark-eyed Lina who attended a baseball game with Jack up in San Francisco. Incidentally, Lina was known as Rosita Gonzales when she went places with Jack in 'Frisco and Reno.

CONSTANCE Bennett is being sued by Joyce and Selznick, agents, for something like $16,000—in other words, two weeks salary. The only comment of the

(*Continued on page 71*)

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These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.



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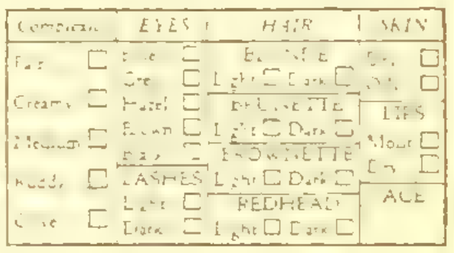
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Let's Straighten Out Bette Davis' Love-Life!

(*Continued from page 13*)

What Delayed the Wedding

HISTORY repeated itself almost to the point of monotony in the course of their love story, as related in the public prints. During the slump that followed "The Wild Duck," Bette just about gave up acting as a career, and the proud fiancé relented again. But no sooner did he feel he could honorably offer his hand, than Universal gave the young lady a contract. Bette, whose love for her betrothed seemed to be a very secondary sort of emotion, flew off to Hollywood with never a regret for her lost wedding—until option time came around and she was not encouraged to stay. Once more in a bridal frame of mind, she telephoned New York, became re-engaged by long-distance and rushed back to the East.

Practically at the altar, the Warner Brothers offered her a contract and—since the groom would never have been able to swallow the humiliation of a bride with a three- or four-figured salary—she returned to Hollywood and her art, to become one of the Warners' favorite prospects.

"It's so utterly *wrong*," Bette asserted, after listening attentively to her alleged love-life. "They've got everybody mixed up. I always feel so silly talking about romances, and I never have before. But I know everyone is interested in love, and this is so wrong that I'd like to contradict it."

With electric blue eyes looking squarely out of a tanned face, Miss Davis deftly demolished somebody's beautiful dream of her romance. In spite of the false start she got in pictures as a namby-pamby country wallflower, Bette has turned out to be one of the most clear-cut, definite and modern personalities in Hollywood—in fact, she always has been, if producers had only known it. When Bette tells you something in her crisp voice, with her shoulders set at a confident angle, you are pretty sure it's true, and no nonsense.

Bette Denies All

"IN the first place," she began in decisive rebuttal, "since I first began at the Provincetown Playhouse, my career has gone along steadily, in a straight line—or rather, slightly upward, I hope. There have been no lulls or lapses, and I never once thought of abandoning acting, either on the stage or the screen.

"In the second place, I have never been back to New York since I first started work in pictures.

"And in the third place, I've never got anywhere near an altar.

"The boy I'm in love with now, I've been in love with for six years. But he's not a bond salesman, and we've never been engaged.

"We were sweethearts in school—a small boarding school near Fitchburg, Massachusetts. I know most girls don't go to co-ed boarding schools, but our family has had some sad experiences with girls' schools. Mother has a violent prejudice against them, and my sister and I were brought up as co-eds. This boy and I used to write mash notes to each other, and considered ourselves madly in love.

"Since then there have been periods when we didn't see each other for years at a time. Then we would meet by accident somewhere, and find we were in love all over again. After school, I didn't see him for three years, until one summer at Cape Cod, in a movie theatre. He's a very tall skinny boy. I saw his tall back ahead of me, and I screamed. I couldn't believe my eyes. We saw each other a lot that summer and were as much in love as ever.

Approves of Proud Romeos

"THEN two more years elapsed. In the meantime I had become engaged to one boy and involved with another. The engaged one was a man in Rochester, where I had worked in George Cukor's stock company. I was in New York by that time, and as a long-distance fiancée I wasn't much of a success, so I gave that up and decided not to be engaged again. Meanwhile I was sort of in love with a man in New York, but he didn't believe in marrying a girl who made more money than he did, so that never even reached the engagement stage."

Incidentally, Bette thinks that sort of obstinacy about money is very foolish, but awfully nice. It wastes an awful lot of time when you might be together—but she still can't help admiring a man who feels that way. It shows a nice spirit, and her attitude toward that kind of boy is torn between good sense and sentiment.

"Then I met my old sweetheart again," she went on. "The amazing part of it is that we've grown up in complete sympathy. Usually, childhood sweethearts turn out to be entirely different kinds of people and loathe each other. But though we've grown up apart from each other, we've developed along the same lines, and we're just as congenial as ever. He's the only man I know who understands me perfectly, and knows just how to treat me and to get along with me."

Bette admits she's difficult. That decisive manner means something a little more to be reckoned with than mere vivacity.

"I think all people of the theatre are difficult. A little selfish and temperamental. But if you know how to manage them, they're fine. And he does. He's just finishing college, and we haven't any plans at all about the future. We're just in love."

Why Hollywood Men Are "Out"

SO far this extraordinary beau has never been to Hollywood, and people are fond of predicting that, when he does come, it will be just too bad for that six-year romance. Old sweethearts have a way of looking shoddy to the once-fond eyes when seen in this gaudy setting. But Bette has no fear of that. This is the kind of man she likes, and Hollywood men aren't.

"Hollywood—despite the scandal sheets—is a perfect place for married people," she says, "but it's terrible for unattached girls. Hollywood men want to be wooed. They pout unless a girl runs after them all the time and flatters them. You have to take the initiative and do all the courting. I guess they're used to it—they've been so spoiled. Instead of acting like men, they let women usurp their prerogatives—in fact, they insist on it."

Looking at Bette's unwinking eyes and listening to her sound philosophies, you can almost believe she will be able to achieve the miracle of experiencing success in Hollywood without discarding most of the things she valued in her past life. If she does, hers will be one of the few pre-Hollywood romances that has not been undermined by a few years in the movies.

Bette has worked other wonders in her life. She cured herself, years ago, of a horrible squeaky voice that threatened to keep her off the stage forever. In the same effi-

cient way she overcame the blight that was put upon her when she first entered pictures. Looking at her to-day, with her silver foxes, her well-groomed head and flashing manner, you wonder how anybody ever thought of casting her in those back-to-the-farm rôles.

Bette isn't really very much like Connie Bennett, except for [illegible] is one of the forceful, [illegible] personalities in pictures [illegible], her mouth is firm, her teeth [illegible]ap together with a brittle perfection. Yet her first discoverers spotted her as a [illegible]

Bette admits the fault was [illegible]ers, not theirs. She thinks Hollywood make[illegible] women better-dressed and better-groo[illegible] They learn things about their faces and figures that they never knew before. She never did much about her hair on the stage. Her clothes were pretty nondescript and her general appearance very mousey when she arrived in Hollywood.

"Nobody met me at the train," she remembers, "or so I thought. They did come down with photographers and reporters, but they didn't see anyone who looked like an actress, so they went home. Imagine their chagrin when I turned up at the studio!"

Universal just gave up with a sigh, and put her in dowdy rôles. Nobody tried to do anything with her, and she didn't have sense enough to try herself. It was only when she went to Warner Brothers' that she realized her possibilities, and fussed with her hair and clothes until something distinctive was achieved. And until George Arliss insisted on her being in "The Man Who Played God" and then pronounced her the most promising youngster on the screen. Now look at her. She's vying with Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak in "Three on a Match."

So, by a gradual process, the true Bette Davis has emerged—complete with clothes, personality, and love-life.

Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

(*Continued from page 26*)

dollars' worth of jewels with her in her handbag added to her friends' fear that harm might come to her.

Metro officials could not explain her disappearance. It was known that she was worried over her first picture, "New Morals for Old," dramatized from "After All," her Broadway hit, but her future seemed serene. Only a few days before, the Front Office had called her in and asked her to sign a long-term contract.

"I'd rather wait till you've seen the reviews of my first picture," she told them. "Maybe you won't want me then." And she left the office without signing. But with Irving Thalberg's praise and encouragement ringing in her ears, with an important rôle scheduled in a big picture for another studio, and thirty thousand dollars income of her own a month, her Hollywood future seemed assured.

The baffling mystery was explained when they found in her bedroom a copy of a local trade paper with a tiny paragraph cut out, and the mutilated fragments of her stills from "New Morals for Old," torn to bits by small, desperate hands. Matching the torn trade paper with a whole copy of the same date, friends saw that she had read the first review of her first motion picture.

"Margaret Perry is the daughter," the review ran, "and this newcomer is a woeful disappointment. She cannot make up her mind whether to be Swanson or Helen Kane and, photographically, seems a total loss."

Thirty-one words—words probably dashed off carelessly to make an early edition—but they were enough to break the heart of Margaret Perry. She did not stop

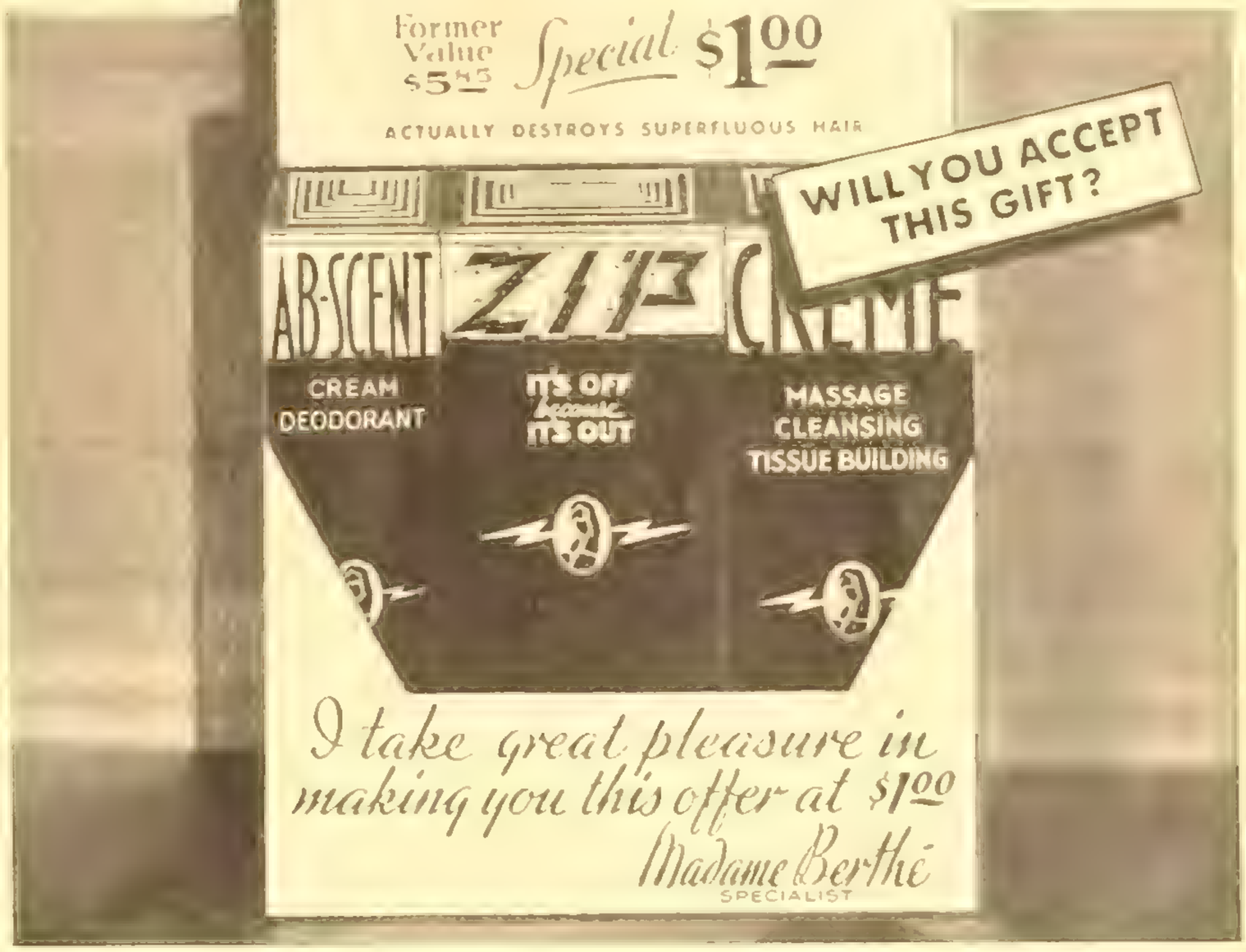
(*Continued on page 69*)

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Will John Gilbert's Fourth Wife Be Virginia Bruce?

(*Continued from page 43*)

marriage and the grief and gallantry of Ina when, again, two and two did not make four for Jack.

I thought of Lupe and of the simoom that seemed to envelop Jack when he first met her. I thought of the Hawaiian Princess and other, less well-known women who have loved John Gilbert, who *still love him.*

I thought, too, of the bewilderment John must have known, at life, at love, at the passions that have left him unsatisfied, at the peace he has never known.

A dangerous spot, I felt, for a young and unsophisticated girl to stand upon—in becoming the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert. Quicksand, perhaps. Dangerous rivals, these living ghosts of the famous and fiery women Jack has loved and may not have forgotten. Only one thing could make this spot secure for Virginia Bruce, only one thing could give her the chance to make it last—LOVE. They have it.

It is possible to believe that Jack, adventuring here and there through the years, may have been seeking and never finding the girl he really needed. It may well be that in this girl he *has* found the one he wants, the one he needs.

Watched Him from Afar

FOR the past ten months Virginia Bruce has been on the Metro lot. For the past ten months, off and on, she has seen Jack in the commissary, on the sets. And she said, "It's a funny thing . . . but every time I saw him I had just one thought. I thought: 'Oh, I want him to come back again! I want him to be as great as he used to be. I want him to come back!' I never dreamed I'd meet him. I never thought I'd know him. I always had just that wish for him.

"Then, sometimes, in the commissary, I'd happen to look up and I'd catch his eye. You know what flashing black eyes he has. And every time I met his eyes, *a shock would go through me. I couldn't look at him.* I've never felt anything like it before."

"You were in love with him even then?"

"I must have been," she said, with that directness that makes her honest and poignant. "I know that 'way back in the days when I was a child in Fargo I used to see him on the screen. In 'The Merry Widow' and 'The Big Parade,' and others. I was always crazy about him. It seems like a dream now, that this should have happened to me. It just doesn't seem possible."

I said, "What was the very first time you did meet him? How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, they made tests of a lot of girls for the part of Jack's leading lady in 'Downstairs,' the story he wrote about the servants' quarters in a big mansion. They made some tests of me. Monta Bell, the director, liked them and so did Jack. They sent for me to go to Jack's dressing-room bungalow to meet them. Mr. Bell introduced us. And I was chosen for the part. That very first day, Jack asked me to go to his house to play tennis. I couldn't go that afternoon, so he asked me to come the next afternoon and I did. That first night, too, I found a big box of red roses waiting for me when I got home.

How John Proposed

"THAT next day we played tennis and since then we have been together every day and every evening. Before that first week was over, Jack asked me to marry him. I didn't think I could be hearing right. It happened on a Saturday afternoon, right out in the broad daylight. We were sitting near the pool, at his house. And we were sitting quite far apart. Jack was talking to me. Suddenly he said, 'I want you to marry me, Virginia. I want you to be my wife.'"

The girl's blue eyes filmed with happy tears. Her hand made a gesture as if to say that she couldn't go on. She had no words for this thing that had happened to her.

"Everything about our love affair has been on the up and up," she went on after a little. "I can tell you that. It is real. I know it. We both know it. It isn't calm, exactly—you couldn't call it that. But it is certain. I know that I want, more than anything else, to make him happy. He hasn't had much happiness, poor darling. I want to be a good wife to him and I'm going to try to be, with everything that's in me. He seems to feel that I understand him, that we *belong* to each other.

"We are going to live in his house. Why not? It's beautiful and it has everything. We're going to have children, too. That's one thing I am positive about. I wouldn't think of going through life without two babies, at any rate.

"We'll both go on working, I think. Jack wants me to continue. He believes in me. He says I have—what is it?—oh yes, 'a quality of definiteness.' He knows so much and I know so little! He *is* so much and I am such a nobody by comparison. I feel as if I must keep standing on tiptoes, looking my best, being my best for Jack.

Will Go Away to Marry

"I THINK we'll be married somewhere away from here. Jack wants to fly, but I'm a little bit afraid, afraid we might both be killed. And we hope to go abroad, perhaps for a honeymoon trip, in September . . . "

The more she talked, the more I felt that I was listening not only to the fourth Mrs. Gilbert, but to *the last one.* She made me feel the simple truth of her first statement—that definite "*we fit.*" She made me feel the "quietness" she is giving him.

She will give him a home—and now he is ready for one. She will make this house of his a home because she is one of those women who do make homes for the men they marry. She will give him children because she is essentially maternal.

She will give him that adoration without which he could not be expected to live. She is not temperamental. If there ever comes any choice between his career and hers, his wishes and hers, there will be no question about it. He is to be master and head of his house. She will give him complete control over her life, personal and professional.

She told me of the first real "date" they ever had. It was for a party at Dolores Del Rio's. She wanted to look so nice for Jack. She didn't feel that she had anything good enough. She went to the wardrobe department in the studio and they fixed her up with a white crêpe gown, slippers and accessories to match. She wondered, rather anxiously, whether satin might have been better than crêpe . . .

She told me of the night Jack came to see her family, one night when she had had to go out. Of the things Jack said about her, about their marriage and the things he plans for it. Her mother, her Dad, and her young brother think he is "simply wonderful." Everything is in order, regular and according to Hoyle, not Hollywood.

They are in love. They are dreadfully in earnest. It is the first love of Virginia's life. It may be—who knows—the first of Jack's.

I think I talked to the last Mrs. Gilbert.

Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

(Continued from page 67)

to think that this was only one of the many reviews the picture would get, and that it represented merely the opinion of one person—a woman, as it happened. She did not consider that the paper was a small one, and that it was extremely unlikely that her mother or any of her friends would ever read this cruel and flippant review. Eighteen is not given to reasoning—emotions are more in its line!

"Margaret went on the stage in New York when she was sixteen," Mrs. Pemberton says. "She has played there and in London for two years and *has never received one bad review.* The praise she was showered with was enough to turn a girl's head, but Margaret is sweet and modest. She used to tell reporters, sincerely, 'My mother has trained me, and deserves all the credit!'

"In London, the drama reviewers panned her play, but hailed her as one of the most talented young actresses to come out of America. She was invited to the Palace to meet the King and Queen. When Metro signed her up in New York a few months ago, she was overjoyed that she was going to have the chance to be on her own.

"When she saw herself on the screen, her heart sank. She felt that her costumes were not suited to her, that her make-up was bad, and that the arrangement of her hair was unbecoming. Margaret has rather a large head and always wears her hair simply, but in the picture they had it curled in a great mop, making her look top-heavy. I am speaking from what she told me, understand. I didn't see the preview of the picture because she wouldn't let me know the date when it was to be shown.

"When she read that review, with its suggestion that she was not pretty enough to photograph well and its prophecy of failure in pictures, the thought that she had failed hurt her pride. It was real tragedy to her.

Was Located in Denver

"SHE turned up in Denver, Colorado, you know. Now that she is back with her mother, I don't know what she will do. She has a splendid stage offer to go to London this summer. And she can always work on Broadway. But I hear several studios are trying to persuade her to come back."

Take our advice, Margaret, and come back! What has happened to you has happened to many a young actress, appearing before the camera for the first time.

When Helen Hayes came to Hollywood with a record of dazzling stage success, the Hollywood previewers greeted her first picture with outbursts of unfavorable criticism. Who was this woman? Why was she supposed to be a screen type? Helen Hayes went back to the studio, undaunted, and made "Lullaby" over again almost entirely, and critics and audiences went wild over the newcomer in the new version, titled "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

The critics who saw "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" were almost unanimous in crying that Valentino was impossible on the screen. "American women will not stand for such a lover," one famous reviewer wrote. If Valentino had run away from Hollywood because of that review, he would have run away from the greatest fame any screen star has ever won.

Come on back, Margaret Perry! Turn up your saucy little nose at the previewers! Take it on your cute little chin! Hold up your gay, blonde head! Hollywood needs young, charming, talented actresses like you. Your friends want you back, the studios want you back—and Joel McCrea still wants you for his leading lady.

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Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should *you!* Take no chances with sunburn—apply Unguentine, the standard burn remedy used by hospitals and doctors all over the world.

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Start to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way—the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy ,too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

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Mae Clarke's Breakdown Will Not End Her Career

(*Continued from page 41*)

effect: "Nothing ever happens to me. Gee, but I'm tired of it all!"

Probably the Fates overheard Mae's complaint, and one might imagine them saying, "Oh, is *that* so? We'll just see about that"—and pulling out the gadget on Life's switchboard that is marked "Action," which set things to happening pronto. For Mae went back to the boardwalk restaurant where she was a waitress—can you see her, with her blonde hair, brown eyes, snappy, petite figure even at fifteen, and the little starched blue costume?—and was fired for being ten minutes late.

"See if I care," remarked Mae. "I was getting tired of the smell of root beer and ham, anyway. I guess that makes me a dancer."

Had Jealous Rivals Even Then

MAE tossed her head and walked out a free—and unemployed—girl. You see, Mae had been attending Dawson's dancing school in Atlantic City in between school and the restaurant, so she wasn't just talking. She meant it, and she had appeared in some of the dancing school affairs and one civic festival. And within two days she met Earl Lindsay, a New York stage producer, who engaged her to go into the chorus of a new revue in the big city.

Now, if Mae had gone home and asked her parents if she could go to New York for a chorus engagement, the chances are that there would have been a family conference and she wouldn't have got much farther than the front yard—but she didn't. She merely announced that she had a job and was going, and before the family recovered from the shock, she was gone. But—

"Sorry I can't put you in that show," said Lindsay, when she landed in his office the next day. You see, nothing was happening. A week later, she was dancing in the chorus at the Strand Roof on Broadway. Another girl had come with her from home and got a job at the same time. Mae started in the back line and danced herself into the front line. Then she got her first disillusionment. The friend became jealous because she did not get promoted, too. Three days later, Mae's mother appeared at the Strand.

"You pack your things and come right back home," was the maternal greeting. "Aren't you ashamed—and him with a wife and three children?"

Mae's jealous friend had written Mrs. Clarke that Mae had fallen in love with the trap drummer and should be taken away from the dreadful Broadway life. As Mae was dimly conscious that there was a trap-drummer and had never spoken to him, this could be classed as a sort of shock. But back she had to go to Atlantic City. Nothing kept right on happening. However, a little later she overcame the parental objections and went back to dance at the Everglades Club and then at the Vanity Club. And when I say she danced, I'm not hunting for a word.

Broken Ankles Saved Her Life

"THE work was awful," she told me. "I've forgotten how many times we danced ordinary days and nights, but it was plenty from dinner to midnight. On Saturday and Sunday we danced twenty-four times and changed costumes for each dance. Then I broke both ankles, and that was a good thing, because if I hadn't I'd have just danced myself to death."

By this time she had found Barbara Stanwyck and Walda Mansfield, and when Mae was well again, Anton Friedlander signed them for a musical revue. Carter De Haven, former screen comedian, saw the three and painted a picture of Hollywood that ranks him as one of the great fictionists of the age. He signed them to come here, but before they could get on a train Willard Mack wanted them for "The Noose" which he was putting on. He unpainted most of Carter's picture, and they stayed in New York.

"I wasn't crazy about the play, so I moved over to George White's 'Manhattan Mary,'" Mae reminisced. "Then I met Lew Brice and went into vaudeville with him. In the act I played a girl who made a million betting on horse races and paid it all out for a husband. I suppose the idea infected me because I married Lew. Nothing much happened, however, and we decided to separate and I got a divorce."

You notice that "nothing much happened"? Well—

Suppose you were nineteen and living in a Hollywood hotel with your husband and the two of you were—er—disagreeing about whether you'd do more pictures or no pictures. And—suppose a neighbor suddenly 'phoned the police that a man was chasing a girl down a fire escape. You see, it would all be just a drab, uneventful, stolid sort of life. Well, and suppose, you dashed into an unoccupied room and hid under the bed, and then you 'phoned the manager and he sent his wife up to take care of you for the rest of the night and after that you got a divorce. I say, suppose all that happened, *you* wouldn't go around complaining that nothing ever happened, would you? But Mae Clarke would, believe me.

Romance? She Isn't Saying

WHEN she signed her Universal starring contract, she bought a home at Westwood on the edge of Beverly Hills and brought out her father, mother, brother and sister to live with her. And she's something like Greta Nissen in one way; she's not much of a party girl. She says she's too busy.

Romance? She won't talk about it much. Once she was engaged to marry John McCormick, Colleen Moore's former husband and director, but she cried off and in a huff John married a lady in Honolulu—and separated from her quickly. Now the match seems to be on again, for Mae and John go places together.

Shortly before her breakdown, she went with John to the theatre one evening. After the show, they went backstage because John wanted to talk to Fannie Brice, whose play they had seen—and when Mae walked into Fannie's dressing-room, she found Lew Brice, her former husband and brother of Fannie, sitting in a chair!

I tried to learn if there was anything to the rumor that she and Lew might get together again, and Mae's brown eyes took on a softer look.

"No," she said. "Lew's a nice boy and he says nice things about me, *but he's terribly quiet and restrained.*" And she looked me straight in the eye when she said it! What *are* you going to do with a person like that?

Will she and John marry? John looks wistful and yearning. Mae looks as if she hoped something would happen—even a wedding. While waiting, she has been writing tragic poetry and working on a play. I haven't seen the play, but I'm sure it's filled with gangsters, shipwrecks, fires, explosions, wars and things happening.

Mae Calls It Hard Luck

"IT'S funny, but I don't seem to get the interesting rôles in pictures," says Mae. "They're not pleasant, if you understand what I mean; not attractive and

interesting at all. In 'The Front Page,' I jumped from a window and committed suicide. In 'Waterloo Bridge,' a bomb in an air raid got me. In 'Three Wise Girls,' I took a dose of poison and erased myself from the picture. In 'Impatient Maiden,' I had a surgical operation. In 'Frankenstein,' the monster killed me in my bridal robes; and in 'Night World,' I got a life sentence in jail."

"Some people attract happenings to them because they're the kind of people that attract happenings," I suggested, and she looked at me with a sort of puzzled frown.

"Yes? Well, it would be interesting to be that kind of person, wouldn't it?"

Now, what can you do in a case like that?

Mae does her best to give things a chance to happen. She drives her own sea sled at thirty miles an hour up and down the immediate Pacific. She drives a car at sixty miles an hour when she can. She swims regularly, energetically, and in deep water, and she's an untiring walker. In between these things, she plays Spanish music.

"Nothing exciting, you see," she told me. "Of course, in New York things were a little hard sometimes. I danced at a theatre until it closed, and danced at a night-club until that closed, and I didn't have much to eat other times, and seldom had warm clothes. But I managed to laugh, and that carried me through those depressing times. Laughter's the best cure for heart-aches that I know. I've laughed myself out of more unhappy moments than I can count. Now, if something would just *happen!*"

Three days later, Mae got her wish. She had been dieting rigorously and working long hours through eight pictures, and then her nerves and her tired body had rebelled. Mae was admitted to a private hospital to get a complete rest. The doctors said that something happened, all right. She just broke down from overwork.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 65)

studio agents is that Connie "owes it" to them. Ralph Blum, husband of Carmel Myers and well-known lawyer, is handling the suit for Joyce and Selznick.

HEDDA Hopper may accept a radio job as "style editor of the air," describing two or three times a week the clothes worn by Hollywood stars at various social functions.

THE home of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in the fashionable Los Feliz district went under the hammer of the auctioneer just recently. . . .

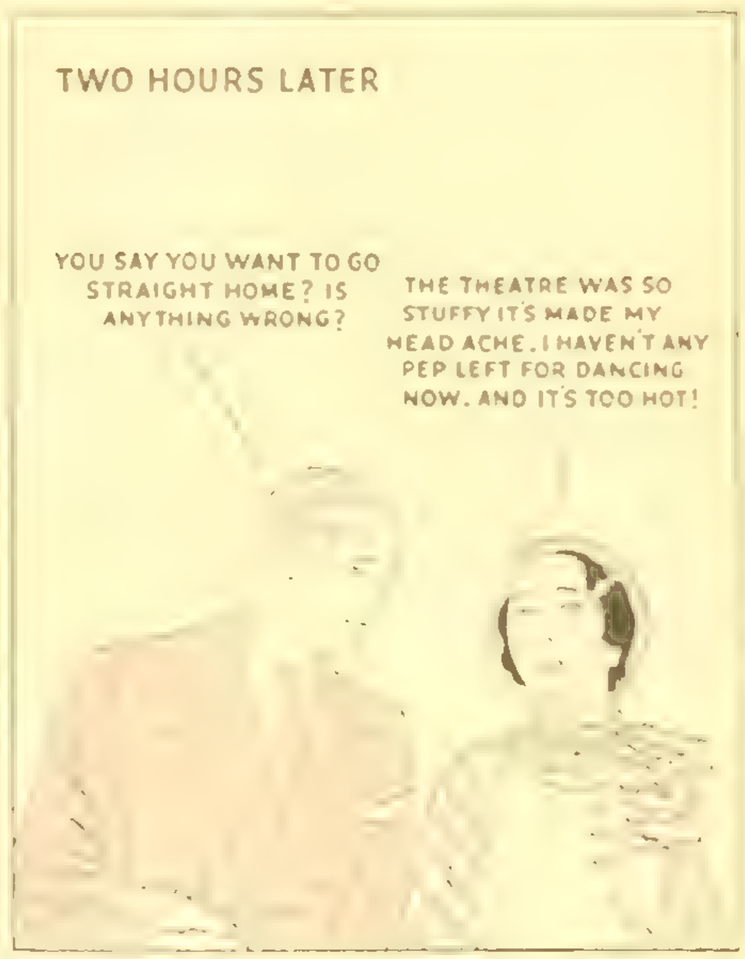
It took three days to conduct the auction, partly because the house, as well as the furnishings, was to be disposed of—and many of the swarm of curious onlookers had no intention of "bidding," but just wanted to see at first hand the intimate things that had belonged to Estelle and Jack during their marriage.

Estelle's magnificent bedroom set went at the ridiculously low figure of $175. A Key to Culver City, which had once been presented to Jack with great honors, went to the highest bidder for the sum of $.35! A beautiful Oriental rug brought $55. A silver frame that had once adorned Jack's desk, holding a picture of Estelle, brought $10. The Dempsey pots and pans and other kitchen utensils went as souvenirs for ten and twenty cents apiece. A beautiful evening gown of Estelle's went to a giggling blonde girl for $15.

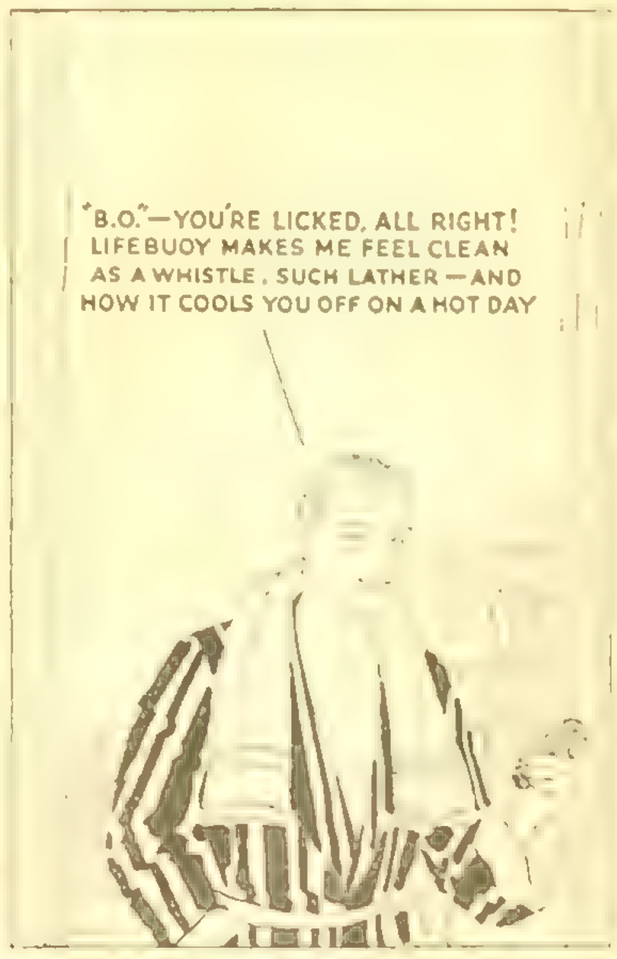
(Continued on page 73)

WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins









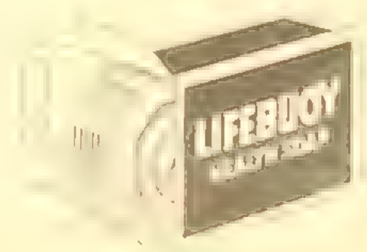


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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

(*Continued from page 44*)

no particular reason to get excited about Marlene's friendship with von Sternberg—why should anybody else?

Without really doing anything about it at all, Herr Sieber turned the tide of public sympathy back to Marlene at a time when it was highly important that she retain that sympathy. The flurry died down, the embers of gossip turned to ashes, and in time, Herr Sieber took his leave. Soon afterward, Marlene got a retraction from her foreign interviewer, and Mrs. von Sternberg withdrew her suit.

Rudy Returned in a Hurry

THERE were no reporters or photographers on hand, to record the departure of Rudy Sieber from Hollywood. (There had been many of them to witness his affectionate reunion with Marlene and Josef von Sternberg upon his arrival.) He merely went back quietly to his directorial work in France and there was little more heard of him until—

Trouble once more reared its head upon Marlene's career.

This time the difficulty lay not in the realm of affection, but in the cold, cold world of business. Marlene and von Sternberg had written a "beautiful "(Von's own description) story of a lady of the evening. Paramount, slightly alarmed at the censorable features of the story, had set to work on what von Sternberg later referred to as "operations"—with the result that both Marlene and Josef did their now famous "walkout."

The strained relations lasted just long enough for Rudy Sieber to make a flying trip from Paris to his beautiful and distressed wife's side. While von Sternberg traveled off to New York in what looked like a huff, Rudy and Marlene remained in Hollywood and gained innumerable allies to Marlene's cause.

The picture of the happy young couple sun-tanning themselves on the beach at Marlene's home, romping with their young daughter, and entertaining at informal Sunday afternoon parties created a new version of Marlene in the Hollywood mind. Hardened gossip-writers, many of whom had never been privileged to glimpse this softer side of the inscrutable German girl, took to their typewriters in glowing defense of her stand.

Like a Hero in a Serial

RUDY SIEBER, as affable as before, did more than contribute his bit to the new impression. The disinterested onlooker got the idea that it just wasn't fair to pick on a girl as swell as Marlene, with such a nice guy for a husband as Rudy. We're not offering the version that this picture of devotion and domestic happiness had anything to do with the thawing of the hearts of the studio executives—but the upshot of the rebellion was that Marlene, von Sternberg and Paramount called off their battalions of lawyers and everything is as bright again as one of those nice beach days down at Marlene's. Once more, Rudy Sieber had arrived to see his wife safely and happily conclude one of her Hollywood worries. And he has stayed on to ease her mind about those kidnap threats, and to see that both she and their little girl are protected . . .

A very modern version, you might say, of the old-fashioned nick-of-time hero who always arrived on the scene just in time to protect the heroine's honor or save her scalp from where it had been strapped to the railroad tracks by the dastardly villain. Only the 1932 Hollywood version of the same story has the hero and heroine married, and the troubles are no longer confined to the railroad tracks. Also, in place of dashing up on the proverbial pony from a mile or so away, Hollywood's nick-of-time mates have been known to make dashes (by steamer and 'plane) from such far-off places as New York, London or Paris.

Rushed to Maurice's Rescue

WHEN rumor began to kick up dust that the Maurice Chevaliers were on the verge of divorce, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier came all the way from Paris to be caught by the news cameras affectionately kissing Maurice from the train steps. You see, the Chevaliers had been so enthusiastically publicized as one of those "happy, happy Hollywood couples" that mean old divorce rumors might have had a bad effect on Maurice's hold on the public.

We don't know why it is that a news picture of a man and wife holding hands, or kissing, or smiling at each other is supposed to allay the suspicions of the public so quickly--but it is a very popular legend in Hollywood. (Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were photographed at their own fireside just one week before the divorce story broke.)

Mrs. Chevalier arrived just as the rumors were kicking up the most dust. It was being said that Maurice was interested in first "this" actress, and then "that" one. Because he was once seen dining at the Cocoanut Grove with Marlene Dietrich, both guests at a large dinner party, it was supposed that Marlene was the object of Maurice's affections. But Marlene had been absolved of snatching Josef von Sternberg's affections too recently to make the Chevalier rumors anything but just that—rumors. Even the most suspicious-minded couldn't go for the story that Marlene was going around snatching everybody's affections at the same time.

Jeanette MacDonald's name crept into the surmises when Marlene's didn't hold up. But then Jeanette was hardly plausible, either, because the folks were already sold on the idea that Jeanette and her business manager, Robert Ritchie, were secretly married.

Before Mrs. Chevalier departed, most of the talk had gone up in smoke, and while some of the folks aren't exactly satisfied that all is well between the fascinating Frenchman and his wife, they have at least stopped trying to pin the difficulty on anybody in particular. With her nick-of-time appearance as Maurice's devoted wife accomplished, Mrs. Chevalier sailed back to France, where she will probably remain until something else happens.

Separated, But Always Handy

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Austin Parker, though separated, maintained for several months a delightfully interesting study in the general "handiness" of matrimony. Every time Miriam was on the verge of being announced "engaged" to any one of several Hollywood gentlemen, she would be seen dining with her husband just long enough to quell the gossip. For more than a year Hollywood was in considerable hot water about Miriam and Austin. They were alternately supposed to be madly in love with, first, each other—and then a couple of other people.

Miriam's only answer was always one of those famous Hopkins smiles. She is quoted as having said: "With movie actresses afflicted with engagement rumors from every side, it is sometimes most convenient to have a husband somewhere in the picture, even if it necessitates traveling across the country to dine with him." And was Hollywood surprised to learn that Miriam and Austin had even been secretly divorced?

Aileen Pringle felt the same way about a nice, safe husband in the background and she waited years (eight of them) to divorce her English mate, Charles Pringle.

"In Hollywood," says the merry Aileen, "it is a great deal more convenient to be married than divorced. Providing one's husband isn't actually on the scene, it allows for a great deal more freedom.

"No, my husband never found it necessary to make an actual dash from Jamaica — rescue me from any of my Hollywood difficulties. But without his knowing it, his presence more than once saved me from a complex circumstance. Just the casual reference to a husband who is liable to materialize at any moment is all the protection any woman needs."

Peggy Shannon's well-hidden husband, Allan Davis, did one of those rush-to-the-rescue trips when Peggy's name was being so freely rumored with Richard Arlen's. His sudden arrival in Hollywood did much toward stopping the whisper brigade, but it did little toward cementing the marriage relation between Peggy and Allan. They were separated soon after, but they have remained the best of friends. Probably if any other "rumors" start up about Peggy, Allan will show up just in the nick of time.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 71*)

It was all very exciting and confusing and rather sad to the people who had once been the guests of Jack and Estelle under that hospitable roof.

DID you know that in spite of all this talk about Greta Garbo's "big feet," she wears the same length shoe as Joan Crawford?

THE stars are doing plenty of visiting from their own home lots this month . . . and what visiting!

Paramount and M-G-M are exchanging the services of Fredric March and Clark Gable, respectively. Freddy goes into Norma Shearer's production, "Smilin' Through," and Gable will sex-appeal it with Miriam Hopkins. The title of the Hopkins-Gable opus is "No Bed of Her Own." (Figure that one out by the time it gets in electric lights over the theatres.)

Helen Twelvetrees is straying off the RKO lot to journey out to M-G-M to make a murder melodrama called "Without Shame."

Constance Bennett is taking her annual jaunt from home (RKO) to report on the Warner Brothers lot for the second and last picture on her sensational $30,000-a-week contract.

ADD to this the news that Mary Pickford has asked Paramount to loan her Gary Cooper as the leading man in her next picture and you get a fair idea of the "all-star" casts planned for this year's film menu.

Billie Dove will be borrowed from Howard Hughes productions to be co-featured with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl."

"Grand Hotel" certainly started something!



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Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 11*)

THINGS have come to a pretty pass in Hollywood. There are those who say that the village never rests content until it has broken up a romance. Bobbe Arnst, the very delectable wife of Johnny Weissmuller, who has been making all the gals pretty disgusted when their swains show up in a bathing suit, is annoyed at all those rumors about domestic upheaval in *Tarzan's* household.

Frank Borzage, the Fox director, tried to comfort her a bit. He told of his arrival in New York, after filming "Cavalcade" in London, and his interviews with the reporters.

"Anything new and scandalous about you?" queried one scribe.

"Not a thing," answered Frank, truthfully enough.

"Hell!" said that disgruntled member of the Fourth Estate. "Why don't you get a divorce so you'll be good copy?"

NEW romances blooming in our midst, as the country newspaper expresses it so nicely—Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland, and Marguerite Churchill and Gene Raymond. Don't know what George O'Brien does when Marguerite steps out with another fella.

WHEN Universal releases its frozen North story, "Igloo," there is going to be a lot of interest in Chee-ak, the native hero. Chee-ak seems to have a Gable personality, and with a Hollywood haircut (he wears it now in a sort of Lily Damita bob with bangs) and some store clothes he could give many a cinematic idol a run for the money. He is over six feet tall, pretty high up in the air for an eskimo, weighs 180 pounds, and is 24 years old.

His life would make a Richard Harding Davis novel read like one of the Elsie books. He was born in Candle (it's always light up there), 100 miles north of Nome, and was educated in a Quaker missionary school. Four times he has figured in motion picture expeditions to the Arctic. He has been a Hollywood cameraman, and during his career has been postman, cook, waiter, deckhand and marine engineer. His Hollywood name is Ray Wise.

Although he has been around the studios quite a bit he does have trouble getting used to our funny customs. Those hot love scenes on the screen which cause the flappers to swoon, only cause dismay to Chee-ak. A good love scene in the Arctic consists of rubbing noses. What a spot for Jimmy Durante!

The studio workers who know Chee-ak insist on teasing him about Hollywood blondes. Chee-ak ,who can kill a polar bear with one throw of the spear, would run if he saw one of those synthetic golden-haired babies. But he laughs good-naturedly.

AFTER that Beverly Hills bank closed, there was more weeping and wailing than Hollywood has heard in years. Most of the players kept personal accounts in this close-at-home bank. Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery are all said to have lost heavily. One very well-known actress admitted that she had just $2.25 to her name—all that was left in her purse.

If Garbo really lost heavily, and first reports say that she did, there are plenty of people who will tell you that the Swedish

(*Continued on page 76*)

Ann Harding Told the Truth When She Sought Her Divorce!

(*Continued from page 51*)

great imaginative powers, and an innate tenderness for those whom she loves.

Yet there is another side of her nature, which is becoming more mental and less dependent upon affection and actual contacts with people. Notice those high-flying "t" crossings and how far they are in advance of the letter, and you will see the gesture of a spirit that is reaching out for anything which is nearer to her ideals. Whether this gesture is practical and possible of accomplishment will not influence her at the time of her decision. Therefore she is apt to let her imagination rule her actions and is not always sure which is reality and which is just a dream, when her emotions are aroused.

Good at Hiding Emotions

NOTICE also that some of her "a's" and o's" are open and some of them tightly closed, even tied with an extra stroke of the pen. This shows both emotion and repression or caution in expressing her emotions, giving us a person who can be both ardent and cold, emotional and logical. When you add to these characteristics her generosity, which is shown by her reversed lower loops, it is not strange that she was willing to let her husband go from her so that he could make a finer and better name for himself.

I do not doubt that she suffered when making this decision, and yet I feel sure that she found a certain thrill in so doing—a thrill somewhat akin to the pleasure which fanatics find in scourging themselves with whips for the good of their cause or their souls. Do not mistake me and think that I am calling Ann Harding a fanatic or a poseur. It is more a sub-conscious reaction and lack of frankness, which she would hesitate to admit even to herself and which is far different from fanaticism or deceit.

People of this intricately simple nature are extraordinarily interesting; their character is never commonplace and never easy to understand. The sensitiveness which is so pronounced and which makes her shrink from pain or unpleasantness is strongly governed by the mental, as well as the emotional, side of her nature. Thus she will often force herself along paths that are really repugnant to her, or deny herself the thing which she most desires.

Both a Fault and a Virtue

THIS is not so much unselfishness as a fear of being considered unjust, mean, or petty. She will often wonder why she has said or done a certain thing, but will be too proud to explain or to alter her decision in any way. This pride, which is shown in her high and narrow capitals, is both a fault and a virtue. It makes her hate to accept defeat and enables her to fight for what she wants to have, but it also brings her some unhappiness in her personal contacts.

As she changes more into the mental type, she will lose some of her sensuousness, which makes her thrill to love, passion, beauty, perfume, music, dancing, and all the more esthetic luxuries. She will gain a keenness of thought and a mental satisfaction which will bring her a more enduring enjoyment than she could ever find in purely physical or material contacts. She will loathe stagnation, or the commonplace, and will fight desperately to get out of a rut; but there is a queerly conventional streak in her nature which makes her hate to be *too* conspicuous and extreme. Her passions and appetites are not eliminated, but held down in some degree to suit the practical side of her nature. She is a practical romanticist, as it were. For she has good self-control, as the baseline of her writing is fairly even.

Her "t" crossings are also fairly heavy, showing will power, although somewhat weakened by impatience. She has exceptional strength and should possess plenty of physical vitality which can stand hard work—although what "wears her down" is discord or unpleasantness in dealing with her associates. People with this general duality of character usually find it difficult to be as happy as a less sensitive person and this sometimes affects the health.

Ann's Hidden Talent

I WOULD like to see Ann Harding do some creative work in her spare time along literary lines, if possible. It might take her some time, however, to find the best medium in which to express herself—fiction or plays. The words in her note to me have the clipped letter formations and elimination of beginning and ending strokes, which give her the capacity to concentrate and to think with accuracy. The flowing rhythm of her writing, her distinctive capital letters, and her "Greek e," which is like a reversed number three, show that she can express herself fluently and with individuality and has a love of culture. Whether she will be able to use these talents or not will depend somewhat on how soon she can harmonize her conflicting characteristics. Some of her upper loops are extremely high, showing that she has plenty of ambition; but others are unusually low, which indicates some deadening of aspiration. This may be partly the fault of the somewhat artificial life which is apt to surround the stars of the stage and screen. The ability to do good creative work in writing is marked and I hope that she will do this as an avocation, at least. Otherwise she may find life too dull and unexciting and thus turn to more erotic pleasures.

In her home life she will have a plain and simple love of family, and her house should be pleasant and restful and in good taste. As a wife and mother, she should be excellent *if* she is not forced to busy herself continuously with the petty drudgery of household duties and the care of her child.

Needs Both Love and Solitude

TOO much of that would have the same effect upon her spirit as it would on a race horse, if it were harnessed to a plow day after day. The work might be done, but there would be a breaking down of morale and the ending would be tragic, I am afraid. She will *adore* her child or children, but will make a better job of motherhood if she does not see too much of them. While she needs much affection and recreation, she also needs plenty of time to be alone with her thoughts and her work. She is somewhat jealous, even though she tries not to show it, and will seldom give up what she feels is really her own, in spite of realizing the futility of her attitude.

And so we have Ann Harding—calm, poised and self-possessed; and, underneath, a bundle of emotions which she is almost afraid to acknowledge. With all her most unusual charm and beauty, she will not always bring happiness to those she loves, or even to herself at present. She is passing through a transition stage and "growing pains" are never pleasant. Her naturally optimistic nature, however, will help her to find the path to happiness, if she will call on all of her real strength of character. When she can use her will power and just be herself, frankly and without self-questioning and doubt, then, and only then, will she come into her own.

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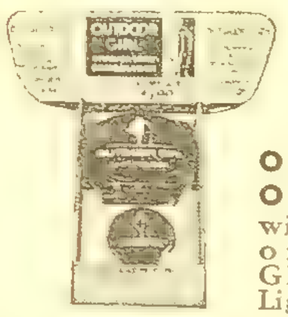
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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 74*)

lady will not be quite so anxious to retire from the screen. That Pirandello play, "As You Desire Me," may not be her last for M-G-M, after all.

WHILE I'm on the subject of the Garbo, that lady made one of her rare excursions among the *hoi-polloi* not long ago. She appeared with a woman companion, at the luncheon hour in the Roosevelt Hotel roof café. There must have been an epidemic of stiff necks the next day, for no one bothered to eat lunch. Waiters served ham hocks to people who had ordered caviar, and got the ice cream served before the soup. No one knew the difference.

The Garbo gave not the slightest attention to her public. She carried on an animated conversation, and never looked to the right or left. She wore the usual beret, a blue one this time, with a white sports dress, white slippers and white Angora short socks.

Too bad, but the autograph fiends weren't tipped off to the presence of the great one in the hotel.

DIANE SINCLAIR, who is foreign-born, plays a Middle-Western girl in "Washington Whirlpool," and Karen Morley, as native as Kentucky moonshine likker, plays a foreigner in the same picture. Oh, well, that's the way it is in Hollywood. If they're going to do things like that I'd pay good money to see Polly Moran as Catherine of Russia.

YOU can talk about your movie pre-mieres, but there was one of the greatest all-star audiences in Los Angeles history at the opening of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Katharine Cornell's stage play. Norma Shearer was there, with her hair all braided up in a coronet. Norma, so they say, may play the Cornell rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett* when the drama is brought to the screen. Then there were Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Bennett, Jetta Goudal, William Haines, Evelyn Brent and innumerable others. Ruth Chatterton and hubby, Ralph Forbes, were also in the audience. Incidentally, the chatter still goes about that all is not on the up-and-up in the Forbes-Chatterton *menage.*

Katharine Cornell, be it known, is the amazing lady who turned down one of the most fabulous contracts ever offered by Hollywood. She just doesn't want to be a moompitcher actress. Think of it! It seems to be a general feeling among her company. Brian Aherne, the handsome *Robert Browning* of the play, has all the producers at his heels. He says "no," politely, but firmly.

It is hard to imagine any woman of the screen in the rôle of the fragile *Elizabeth Barrett* which Miss Cornell has made so moving and real.

I overheard Blanche Sweet make a suggestion—and it's not a bad one.

"Why not Lillian Gish?" she asks.

WILL ROGERS, who has always liked peace and seclusion around his Beverly Hills ranch (imagine, a *ranch* in Beverly Hills!) now has some famous neighbors. Elissa Landi lives on one side of him and Chester and Sue Morris on the other. Both Elissa and the Morrises are "nerts" about hossback riding, too. Will had better lock that w.k. stable before his fancy polo mounts get away.

New Divorce Styles for Hollywood

(Continued from page 25

of each other," Ann and Harry chorused as they left the courtroom to dine with each other. And all the afternoon papers proclaimed in headlines the new "kiss divorce." Ann, herself, sees nothing ridiculous in ex-husbands and ex-wives being such close friends. "We are civilized people and we got a civilized divorce," is her explanation.

Why He Wanted to Sue

BUT even though Ann and Harry Bannister may have had the highest opinion of each other when they parted, that was not the case with the Shermans. "She called me a fat old man and a ham actor," Lowell Sherman complained. That seemed to be the part of his testimony that annoyed him most. He added proudly that he weighed only one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

"But you've dieted, haven't you?" asked Helene's attorney.

"That's my own business!" retorted the worldly Mr. Sherman.

Then, you might say, the fun began. Quite as openly as if Will Hays had never come to Hollywood, Sherman and his witnesses proceeded to draw a headline picture of domestic life among the movie stars.

"During the marriage," a secretary informed the court, "Mr. Sherman was affected by liquor several times, but Mrs. Sherman had the edge on him for the number of times—and she could carry more than Mr. Sherman," he added, admiringly. "And she could swear better, too."

Now this, whispered Hollywood, was more like it! For Hollywood remembered that exciting revelations had been expected in the Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor divorce—and hadn't come off. Estelle had said, "If Jack starts to be mean, I will, too." But Jack decided not to be, and their quiet separation by law may have started the "civilized" divorces of the moment. Now they are said to telephone one another constantly, and are—as is usual for divorced couples, if not for married ones—the best of friends.

As if to prove that he doesn't believe in following any set fashion, Lowell Sherman added to his other accusations the statement that his wife read naughty books. To prove it, a dozen of the sort of ribald masterpieces that one reads behind the geography book in school were brought into the judge's presence. And to make the affair more like a racy vaudeville skit than before, two of the naughtiest were stolen right out of the courtroom.

Lowell Backed Out

THE following day it was Helene's turn to tell *her* side of the business, and the gallery for spectators was filled long before the judge appeared. All Hollywood waited breathlessly for news of developments, for it was understood that the fighting Irish blood of the Costellos would not permit of such insults without returning a few.

They were doomed to disappointment. Either Sherman's friends kidded him overnight that he was behaving more in the manner expected of a Keystone Kop than a sophisticated man-about-town of the movies, or else the good folks who watch over Hollywood's reputation felt that further revelations would do the movie town's reputation no good. Also, it was said that his studio was shrugging its shoulders about Mr. Sherman, implying that his contract might not be renewed.

And so, that second day, the eager watchers in the gallery heard little except dull legal proceedings. Just as Helene took the stand in the morning, her attorney announced that she wished to file a cross-complaint and it was intimated that Lowell wished to withdraw *his* suit.

An adjournment was taken till the afternoon, while the lawyers rewrote their cases and when Helene resumed the stand, the proceedings were short and very, very sweet. Her attorney asked her if she charged cruelty in her cross-complaint. She said that she did, explaining,

Helene's Mild Charges

"MR. SHERMAN continually referred to me as his mental inferior and said constantly that I was not a fit companion for one of his mental attainment." She permitted herself a smile, then added: "He also said that he made a great mistake in marrying me. He nagged me constantly about my housekeeping." She further testified that they had been married on March 15, 1930, that she had left him last November, and that a property settlement had been effected.

That was all—and in no time at all, Helene had her decree. So that even the "furious" Sherman-Costello divorce battle had terminated with soft words and sweet music. It's the new style in Hollywood divorces!

It was, at the end, almost as polite as the Monte Banks' divorce. When Monte sailed for Europe after that suit, his recently-divorced wife was at the gangplank to hand him a bunch of white gardenias. Cynics are now calling that "the gardenia divorce." Whether it will set a precedent for future domestic rows remains to be seen.

Certainly, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are expected by Hollywood to end up in divorce court—if only because they have reached the stage of insisting that they have no ill feelings toward each other and are on the friendliest of terms. Ever since Miriam Hopkins was so quietly divorced, Hollywood has watched with suspicion all couples who seem particularly devoted, wondering if they, too, are secretly getting a "mail-order" divorce.

The "Kiss Divorce," "The Gardenia Divorce," "The Civilized Divorce" seem to have come to Hollywood to stay. Future testimony in divorce cases will no doubt continue to read like letters of recommendation. For while it took a sophisticate to stage a divorce scene that was hotter than a movie—even the sophisticate went lukewarm on the folks before it was over. Perhaps this should be called "The Truce Divorce."

Did You Know That—

Ina Claire and Samuel Goldwyn have torn up the actress' contract by mutual consent, and that she is returning to the stage?

Besides Dolores Costello Barrymore (whose son has been named John Blythe Barrymore, II), new Hollywood mothers of boys are May McAvoy Cleary and Carmel Myers Blum?

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery and Laurence Olivier recently went on a fishing cruise, they grew heavy beards and vowed that the first to shave must eat a large helping of raw beefsteak?

Two of the few players who won't be in Hollywood for the Olympics are Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, who are touring Europe? It is Hardy's first trip abroad, and Laurel's first return to England since 1925. They have just finished their second feature-length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles."

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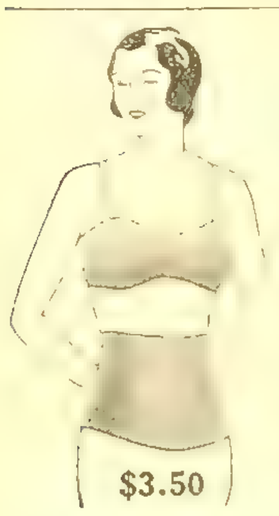
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Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932

(*Continued from page 60*)

December 5, 1930—Picture of Garbo in sun-bath garb, finally seen by some enterprising sleuth, turns out to be just a blur.

January, 1931—Elinor Glyn declares Garbo is a type that suggests eternity, a woman who has lived and loved, with wistfulness in her eyes, as though she had known much sorrow, yet still believes that somewhere can be found joy and love.

January, 1931—Writer draws pen picture of "The Real Garbo at Home." After stalking her for some time, discovers that she likes puppet shows and quiet dinners, and goes home after the theatre.

February, 1931—Garbo appears in third talkie, "Inspiration," with Robert Montgomery as co-star. Picture almost stolen by Karen Morley, newcomer, say critics.

February, 1931—"Is Garbo Through?" queries film magazine. Despite denials, rumors persist that she may go back to Sweden soon.

March, 1931—"Dietrich's Shadow on Garbo's Path." All about the new Garbo rival from Germany. Another magazine story this month asks: "Did Director Brown and Garbo Fight?" Purports to tell the inside story of what happened on the set during the filming of "Inspiration." Brown has directed several of her successes, but association is now rumored at an end.

April, 1931—"Exploding the Garbo Myth" is title of one Garbo story this month. Writer comes right out and says she is bored with Garbo, finds her dull, ordinary and petulant. Another magazine headlines: "Here's the Real Garbo!"—announces that she likes to whistle, uses no paint or powder, never goes to dentist, smokes non-nicotine cigarettes, and would like to have a family of six. (Hollywood permits itself a snicker at the last assertion.) Another magazine headlines "Garbo Lunches on Grapefruit," adding that the star also likes romaine salad, caviar, American cheese and black coffee.

May 16, 1931—Waiter taken to psychopathic ward of hospital because he believes he is brother of Greta Garbo.

May 30, 1931—Newspaper columnist announces that Garbo's most intimate friends in Hollywood are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edington. He has been her business manager for some time.

June, 1931—"Is Garbo Doomed?" asks magazine in big type. Sensation-writer hints of strange fate hanging over star. Is there secret tragedy in her life—is she well—or has she pernicious anaemia? Another magazine displays story called "Garbo—Woman Without Love." Writer asks why Greta has never fallen in love. ("Hasn't she?" asks Hollywood.) Magazine that published story, "Exploding the Garbo Myth," in April, receives 15, 854 letters in her defense from outraged Garbo admirers.

June 10, 1931—Book called "The Private Life of Greta Garbo" soon to be published. Report is that Garbo will try to suppress it.

June 23, 1931—Dispatches from Copenhagen say Garbo is to become wife of wealthy merchant named Anderson. She is quoted as saying: "Which Anderson? They're as numerous over there as Smiths in America."

September, 1931—"Garbo Never Sleeps," headlines a magazine. Story tells how she is troubled with insomnia, explains her long, solitary walks.

October, 1931—Garbo appears in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," with Clark Gable, new "great lover," as her co-star. Picture breaks theatre records in New York.

December 28, 1931—Garbo discovered in New York, registered at fashionable St. Moritz Hotel as "Gussie Berger, Chicago." Reports describe her as disguising herself by dressing "like a schoolmarm" and wearing smoked glasses. Admits identity, but is quoted as begging reporters: "Please leaf me 'lone. I came here for joost a few days, for fun. Then I go back to Hollywood to work. Yes?"

December 29, 1931—Out for a brisk walk in Central Park, New York, she is pursued by reporters and other curious New Yorkers. Escapes by dashing to a cab, and driving away in haste. Reporters piqued, ask publicly what all the mystery is about.

December 30, 1931—Columnist reports that Russ Columbo, orchestra leader and singer, has been sending Greta big bouquets. But New Yorkers who have spotted Greta and Ramon Novarro together at exclusive night-clubs suspect this doesn't mean a thing to Garbo.

December 31, 1931—Reporters, who have now given up efforts to interview Garbo, remark in their papers that it is strange that Garbo's arrival in New York coincided with opening of "Mata Hari," her latest picture. Especially with Ramon Novarro, her co-star in the picture, also in New York.

January, 1932—Magazine headlines: "You've Been Wrong about Garbo . . . She Has a Sense of Humor." Writer cites incidents to prove it.

January 8, 1932—Passing through Chicago on her way back to Hollywood, Garbo is quoted as telling reporters: "I don't like most people. No, I am not in love. No, I am not ever to marry. No, I am not to stop playing in the movies. They are my life to me. I am happy to be far, far from New York. They are so impolite in New York."

February, 1932—A magazine reveals "Garbo's Broken Love Affair"—the hitherto unknown story of a romance of her early days in Sweden.

February, 1932—Garbo has moved from $600-a-month home in Santa Monica. Location of new home kept secret until two small boys living next-door came running into their own house with: "Mama, that lady is out there in the yard without any clothes!"

March, 1932—"Is Garbo's Double Taking Her Place?" asks magazine. Story recounts recent Hollywood rumors, but does not say they are true.

March 24, 1932—Newspaper columnist remarks that it looks as if Garbo's "annual threat" to go back to Sweden will be fulfilled this time. Says star has all the money she wants, and now wants only a little farm in Sweden, and retirement.

April 6, 1932—Same columnist now declares that Garbo is planning her own producing company in Sweden.

April 10, 1932—Garbo said to have applied for passport to Sweden. There is a persistent report that she has lost heavily in the crash of stock of the Kreuger match syndicate in Sweden. Harry Edington, her business manager, emphatically denies this, and says her investments are all in the United States.

April 13, 1932—A six month's extension on her visitor's permit has been granted to Greta Garbo. Studio in suspense about whether or not she is going to sign new contract, now under consideration. Difficulty is about salary. Star is reported to want just double her present salary, with studio feeling such a raise is unwise under present business conditions. Compromise being attempted.

April 12, 1932—World première of "Grand Hotel" in New York, with Garbo (who has dropped the "Greta" for good and all) in the rôle of the dancer, *Grusinskaya*. Critics hail picture as one of the great films of all time, and have high praise

for Garbo. Praise for cast, however, divided among five stars—Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, and Wallace Beery.

April 10, 1932—Newspaper reporter discovers that Garbo is not in "Who's Who," and kids the editors on their oversight.

April 22, 1932—London hears that Greta Garbo will leave Hollywood at the end of April and be married to Wilhelm Soerensen in Berlin in the early summer. He is same young man who figured in romance rumors in March, 1929. Harry Edington denies that she is leaving Hollywood to marry anyone. Her studio frankly announces that it does not know her plans.

April 23, 1932—Sven Garbo, brother of star, denies in Stockholm that she is to marry Soerensen. Soerensen, himself, asks reporters not to print any more such rumors—as it might endanger "a very dear friendship."

May 20, 1932—Harry Edington is quoted as saying that Garbo will leave Hollywood for Sweden within ten days.

June, 1932—Magazine cover line, "The Inside Story of Garbo's Great Success." Writer claims that four men are responsible for her fame and glamour. Says that Lon Chaney suggested mystery to her; that John Gilbert advised no interviews, to add to the mystery; that Gilbert Adrian, the M-G-M fashion designer, had dressed her exotically; and that Cecil Howard, the make-up artist, has brought out her facial distinction. With her talent and this assistance, Garbo has become the world's most famous woman, says the writer.

June 1, 1932—Garbo's contract ends. Studio presents her with fitted traveling bag.

June 2, 1932—Her latest picture, "As You Desire Me," has its première—and critics again acclaim her, most of them hoping out loud that it will not be her last picture. Reviewers find her more daring than usual.

June 3, 1932—The First National Bank of Beverly Hills closes its doors. Reported that Garbo has more than a million dollars in the institution.

June 6, 1932—Harry Edington denies report that Garbo's fortune is tied up in the closed bank. Says most of her money has been invested in U. S. government bonds, and that she has only a few thousand dollars on deposit in the bank.

June 6, 1932—Walter Winchell reports in his column that Garbo left on "de luxe train No. 530" Sunday morning at two o'clock.

June 8, 1932—The "Garbo Rumor Department" at M-G-M denies departure and also denies that there is any such train. Says star is still in town.

June 9, 1932—Reported that Garbo has signed an agreement with Joseph P. Kennedy, banker and former screen executive, to act under his management at $15,000 a week. And he is reported to be dickering with M-G-M and Warner Brothers for use of her services. Newspapers hint that closing of bank may have brought change in her plans.

July, 1932—"Will Garbo and Dietrich Be Deported?" is the newest headline query about Garbo. Magazine asks question after bill is introduced in Congress by Representative Dickstein of New York to ban foreign talent from American films. Article points out how many of the present great stars we would never have seen if such a law had been in effect.

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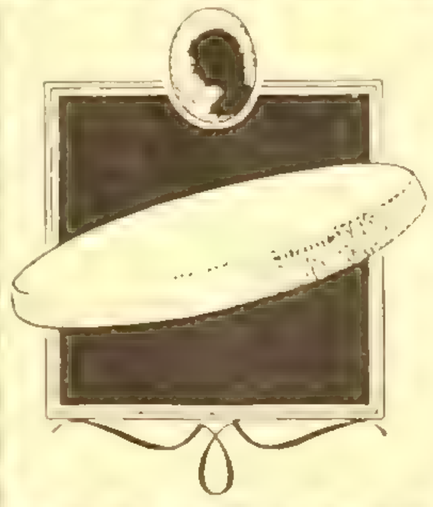
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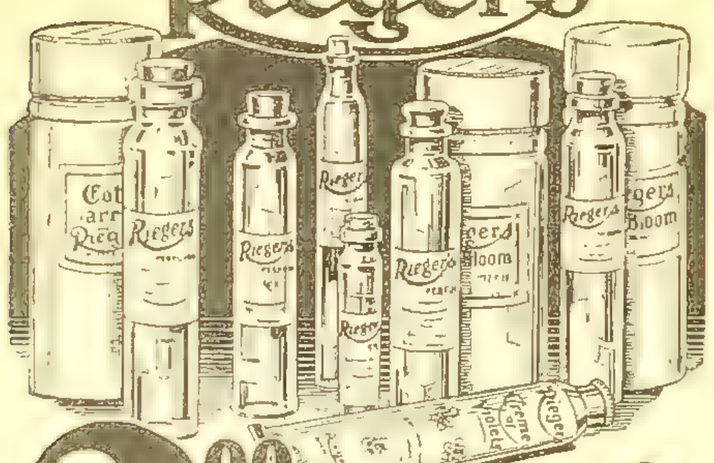
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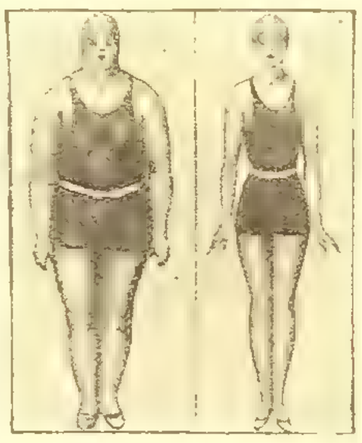
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Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

(*Continued from page 23*)

might be wrong. 'You've been planning to take out more life insurance, Paul,' I told him. 'Why don't you go to see them about it? If you pass a life insurance health examination, you will know that you're all right.'

"So Paul went to the life insurance people and the doctors who had examined him ten years before were amazed. 'You're younger physically now than you were then, your expectancy of life is longer, you're in splendid condition,' they told him. He passed with a hundred per cent rating. And he'll probably be mentioned in medical books because he is such an unusual case. Mentioned again, I mean. He made the medical books first when he weighed twenty pounds at birth.

"The hardest part of this dieting business, so far as I was concerned, was to mix hospitality and diets. We are invited out a good deal, of course, because of Paul's work. But this is the way we managed: When Paul had been out to a banquet or dinner party, he made up for it by cutting down calories the next day.

"He weighs himself morning and evening. There is a normal two-pound gain during the day. If he found himself going even one pound over the normal variation between morning and evening weight, he called a halt on eating entirely until he was back where he belonged. At home we simply served our friends with what we ate ourselves, and I didn't have any complaints.

"There's no reason why it should be noticeable. That's the trouble with most diets—they make mealtimes depressing. If any of you ever dined at Paul Whiteman's home before he was married, you know what gargantuan meals he served, roasts that his cook could hardly stagger under, and everything else in proportion.

Lessening His Appetite

"WELL, I started out serving huge bowls of salad or enormous tureens of soup for a first course. Nothing stingy-looking. I had the table set especially prettily, like a party every night, and then in defiance to all etiquette we started off with a gorgeous big salad. It certainly takes the appetite away to eat a couple of helpings of vegetable or fruit salad before dinner proper. I used lemon juice and mineral oil for dressing.

"The diet scheme, itself, was very simple. No proteins and sweets at the same meal, no starches and proteins at the same meal. That's the secret. I'm sure I can't tell you the scientific reason why these two combinations make you fat, but they do. I didn't let him cut out potatoes, or candy, or cream, or butter, but I saw to it that he didn't eat them in combinations with meats. I'd call him up every afternoon and find out what he had had for lunch before ordering our dinner. If he had had a tomato and cheese salad with a sweet dessert, I'd order a steak and fruit for dessert. He always ate as much as he wanted at every meal.

"But your stomach shrinks, you know, after you've dieted a while. Last Christmas Paul and I were invited out to an old-fashioned dinner with all the fixin's—from turkey and stuffing to mince pie and plum pudding. Paul warned me, 'Margaret, I'm going to fall off the food wagon. I'm going to eat everything—two helpings!' And I just said, 'Fine! Go ahead, dear!' I knew what would happen and, sure enough, after one plate of turkey, he looked across at me ruefully and said, 'Can't make it, after all!'"

Paul Whiteman's amazing transformation in weight has made so much talk and aroused such a storm of interest that Margaret is writing a book to tell the world how he did it. It will be published in the autumn. But the menu lists and calory tables do not show all that Margaret Livingston has done for Paul Whiteman. She has given up her own career, which was at its height at the time of her marriage—because she has found that being the wife of the world's greatest band leader is a full-time job.

"I had him get a manager to take the worries of his business details off his mind. I've been in business myself, you know—I've run apartment houses—as well as being an actress, and I know how a thousand and one petty things can fret one. I've got an entirely new idea of my sister since I married Paul. She was always the one to take the small burdens in our household, and now that I'm on the telephone, or writing letters about Paul's work all day long, I can appreciate what she did for me. The boys in the band heaped their business and domestic troubles on Paul; his friends depended on him for everything; he didn't know where he stood financially. Why, do you know, after he had his manager go over his tangled affairs, he paid fifty thousand dollars of old debts he didn't even know he had, in order to start clear!

She's His Valet Now

"I PERSUADED him to get rid of his valet, too. He didn't want to do that. 'Gosh,' he said, 'I hate to send George away. Why, darling, he used to sleep on the floor beside me when I was sick!' But a man servant gets between a wife and her husband—I couldn't be in the room with Paul while his man was helping him dress. I wanted to do those things for him, myself.

"I must admit I'm not the perfect valet yet. Not very long ago Paul was dressing to go out in the evening and I put his studs in his shirt. I must have fixed them wrong for he just glared at it and tore the whole thing to shreds. Then he looked at me in a panic, but I *loved* it. I've jumped on too many hats myself when my work was worrying me to mind a little temperament. 'I'll improve,' I told him. 'Don't fire your new valet, Paul—I'll learn.'

"Right now, I don't believe I'll ever go back to acting. Paul is my job, and I like my job! I want to be around whenever he wants to talk or just be silent. No, there's no prospect of a baby yet, though we did read about one in the paper! But I hope we'll have some. Paul has a gorgeous little boy, you know, by his former wife.

"My friends would hardly recognize me these days. Sometimes I'm in bed at nine o'clock in the evening—for I can't attend all of Paul's performances! I hardly recognize myself. But I like it! I've had a hectic life, you know—I've been places and seen things, and night-clubs and restaurants and parties aren't any novelty to me any more. I can say truthfully to myself as I drop off to sleep at nine, 'I'm not missing anything worth while!'

"What I do miss is the grand shop-talk with people of my own kind. So many of Paul's friends are normal citizens, charming, cultured, but not professional. I get along with them marvelously, really, but when I met Phyllis Haver Seeman in New York the other day for luncheon, we fell into each other's arms, and nearly wept, it was so good to talk the language again. Phyllis has given up her old life and has deliberately chosen to live her husband's life. She's happy, and awfully popular and successful socially, and she doesn't want to come back to Hollywood. But an actress who has left the greasepaint is always a little homesick the rest of her days."

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The traveler explained that he had given The Algonquin as his address for important engagements, telegrams and mail. In spite of his polite requests for shelter the weary novelist had to be refused.

Inquiring for the head man he was ushered in to Frank Case's office.

"It seems I cannot get a room here," he said quietly. Then added, "My name is Hergesheimer."

"Not *the* Hergesheimer?" said Case.

"Well, at least *a* Hergesheimer," replied the tired traveler.

"Did you write "Java Head?" inquired Case.

"Yes."

"You can have any room you want, Mr. Hergesheimer. You can have my room. You can have a whole floor."

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Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

(Continued from page 56)

strict faith, she subscribes seriously to all of her church's tenets. Marriage, for Genevieve, must be indeed "as long as ye both shall live—"

She sings, dances and plays the harp. She doesn't stipulate that the Lucky Man will have to play the *harp*, but she does very emphatically state that he will have to be able to do practically everything else and do it well.

"He must be able," she told me, "to play golf and tennis and polo. He must be able to swim and to know good books and wines. He must have a charming manner, though he must *not* kiss my hand. He must be a connoisseur of living and loving." She threw wide her very slender arms in a pair of blue Harry Collins sleeves and cried, "*Am I not worthy of the best?*" (Acting—how Genevieve loves it!)

Wants a Man of the World

SHE must have a man who has traveled, who knows the world. She has traveled extensively and it would be a crushing bore to be married to any man who could not discuss the Eiffel Tower with her as the Eiffel Tower should be discussed.

She loves clothes—and lots of 'em. The man she marries must not only love and appreciate clothes, too, but also love to see her in them and dote upon paying for them. He must be able to laugh at bills, as well as coos; and he must make out checks as gaily as he sings in his morning tub.

She adores kidney sauté and loathes eggplant. The man she marries must likewise worship kidneys (sautéed) and turn a cold shoulder on eggplant. She sleeps in pajamas and loathes nightgowns. If there breathes a man with soul so dead that he could quibble with Genevieve over nighties versus jammies, let him cross his own name off the list this instant.

She'd rather drink champagne than beer any day in the week. Need I mention again that a champagne check-book is not a luxury, but a prime necessity?

She's awfully fond of her mother and her sister, Vivian, and of her two brothers. Her mother "spoils" her, as all good mothers do. She brings her luncheon to the studio and cuts it up into dainty tid-bits that do not disarrange the lip-goo on her mouth. The man she marries must be aware of such thoughtfulnesses. The many males who are perusing this story now should immediately jot them down before daring to propose.

She Won't Do the Cooking

SHE never cooks. Nor does she ever intend to. The man she marries must be able to engage a chef or turn to and fry an egg, himself.

She never diets. The man she marries will never have to eat his meals to the calory chorus. Nor does she have any secrets of beauty. Her beauty is no secret and her husband will be subjected to no shocks, either of pain or of pleasure.

She admires Greta Garbo profoundly. The man she marries should admire Miss Garbo, too. Because a household garbo-vided against itself must fall. Genevieve admires Greta more as a woman than as an actress. She thinks that she has stood for a fine dignity, both in her contacts with Hollywood as a whole and also with the Press. She believes that players should maintain a certain aloofness, a certain mystery. That is why, she tells me, pictures go so much better in places where the players are never seen. Familiarity, says Miss Tobin, breeds contempt—at the box-office. Out in the

Now You Can REDUCE SAFELY!



WOULDN'T you like to rid yourself of excess, harmful, unsightly fat around your hips, waist, arms, legs, shoulders, back, bust, or wherever it appears, if you could do it without starving yourself, without "reducing" baths, without violent exercising, without taking thyroid or other dangerous drugs, without dosing yourself with constipation-producing salts, purgatives and physics? . . . Wouldn't you like to acquire a dainty, youthful figure if you could do it SAFELY, and without the slightest fuss, bother or inconvenience?

Here, at last, is the reducing news for which you have waited. In an essay entitled "A Reliable and Harmless Way to Diminish Over-Fatness," the late Dr. William T. Cathell, of Baltimore stated that if any person weighing less than 300 pounds, with simple uncomplicated over-fatness, would drink the waters of two famous springs alternately each day, after every meal, he or she would not only lose fat gradually and SAFELY, but without leaving wrinkles, bagginess, or crows-feet, and without affecting the muscles, nerves, glands or strength. Dr. Cathell cited case after case to prove the remarkable reducing powers of these waters. One patient lost thirty pounds in six months; another reduced 21½ pounds in eleven weeks; others reported losses of 22 pounds in 12 weeks; 22½ pounds in 13 weeks; 9 pounds in 6 weeks.

It is no longer necessary to go to the famous springs in Germany and France to obtain the fat reducing benefits of these waters. A famous chemist has succeeded in producing an exact reproduction in formula of their mineral content in the form of dainty tablets. When dropped into a glass of water, these tablets produce a sparkling drink, pleasant to take, and particularly refreshing. These tablets, appropriately named "SAIF" can be obtained only direct from the exclusive American distributors, by mail. It is not necessary to send any money in advance. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below, and a full week's supply will come to you in a plain wrapper. When the package arrives, pay the postman only $1.00 plus a few cents delivery charge. If you are not convinced that their continued use will gradually and **safely** cause your excess fat to disappear, return the empty carton and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon NOW or write for the complete story of SAIF tablets. SAIF, Inc., Suite 138, Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

SAIF, Inc., Suite 138
Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a week's supply of SAIF Tablets, in plain wrapper. I will pay the postman $1.00 plus a few cents for delivery. It is distinctly understood that if I am not satisfied and return the empty carton within ten days after using the tablets, you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

IMPORTANT NOTE

Rapid reducing is dangerous. SAIF tablets are gentle: they do their work gradually, but surely and SAFELY. So that you can drink the SAIF reducing waters without interruption and without having to think of ordering, we have inaugurated a Special Automatic Service. If desired, a fresh package of SAIF Tablets will be sent to you each week by mail, to be paid for on delivery. You cannot forget to order, and you are never without a supply. The Automatic Service costs you nothing extra, and can be discontinued at any time, without previous notice, and without giving any reasons. If you desire this Automatic Service, simply place an X in the square at right. ☐



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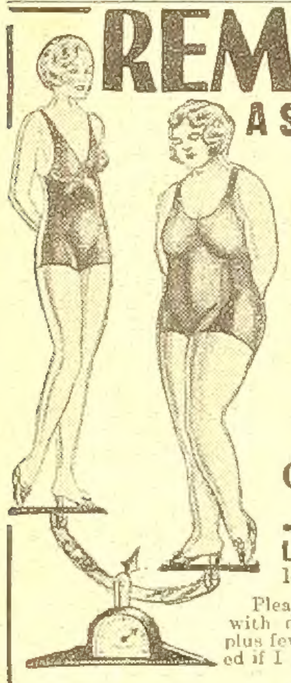
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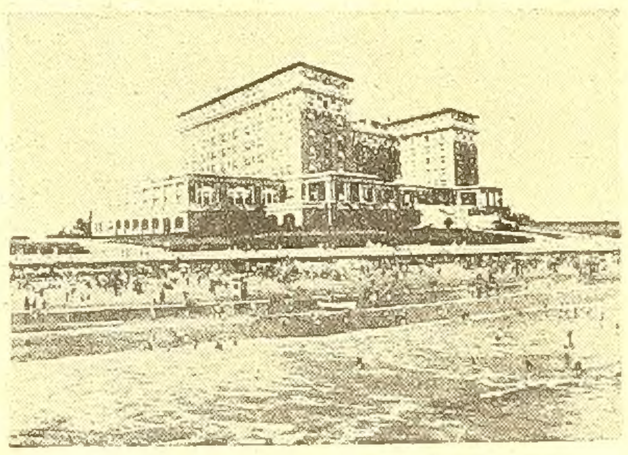
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wider-open spaces, one does not rub elbows with Clark Gable "or with Genevieve Tobin," and the interest is better sustained.

She believes that *all* women should maintain a certain mystery—whether they are on the stage or in the boudoir. And that goes for husbands, too.

She never eats before going to bed. Nor does she ever read at bedtime. The man she marries must go through the same schedule of physical and mental sustenance or a conjugal conflict will ensue.

No Headline-Hunters Wanted

THE man she marries must *not* be a celebrity-hunter. Because, when she does marry, she will cease to be a celebrity. She will stay at home and rock the babies and count the laundry.

She is not interested in politics, either domestic or international. She has no objection, however, to wedding a politician. In fact, she rather favors them. She has a certain penchant for being a power behind the Throne—just far enough behind to be comfortable.

She is a Snob. She admits it. The man she marries must have a Family Tree with plenty of leafy branches and the blood that runs in his veins must be unmixed and a cerulean blue.

The heroine of "Hollywood Speaks" loves Hollywood, but doesn't want to live there after marriage. (Home-town boys, please note.) She thinks Hollywood delightful, but a little mad and the taste displayed on most occasions a little bad.

She'd like to live in England—in the country. If the Prince of Wales is still free, single and white when this is printed, he might start redecorating Windsor Castle, which is Out of Town.

She is unlucky at cards. Bridge players, either auction or contract, are OUT.

She has no moles or other skin defects. The man she marries must be likewise without blemish. When pressed for his physical characteristics, she *sang*, not said, "Oh, he must be tall—he must be dark—and very, very strong!" (The atmosphere at that moment was rather "One Hour With You"-ish.)

Her favorite perfume is exotic and she likes plenty of it. Slathers and slathers. The man she marries must Care About Perfume, in a big way. On her person, not on his.

He'll Have to "Take It"

SHE'S very frank and outspoken when she knows a person well. She expects to know her husband very well, and so the man she marries must like plain-speaking and the honest truth even when it hurts.

When she gets angry at home, she Throws Things. *Any* things. The man she marries must be a runner-up for champion shot-putter and he must also be an Artful Dodger of no mean ability.

She's given to moods, and the man she marries must NOT be given to moods. It's all very simple.

We are not running a matrimonial agency but—WANTED FOR GENEVIEVE TOBIN—a man with the money of a Rockefeller, the culinary ability of a Parisian chef, the power of a Mussolini, the athletic prowess of an Olympic Games Hercules, the literary values of an H. L. Mencken, the good taste never to mention eggplant, the thoughtfulness of ten movie mothers rolled into one, a preference for pajamas as opposed to nighties, a stomach that will not brook food at bedtime, a detestation of Bridge, a man without moles or other defects of pocket-book or person.

In a word: A man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook and the sheer nerve of James Cagney—if these men were gods, not men.

Applicants carefully considered.

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IF YOU want to know the difference between a truly fresh cigarette and one that is parched or toasted, light a Camel.

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